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ALBERT

DE

NORDENSHILD:

OR, THE

MODERN ALCIBIADES.

A NOVEL,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

VOL. II.

London:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1796.

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1891

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Continuation of CHAP. IV.

AFTER dinner, Casper went to pay a visit to his old friend Colonel Ratland, who had been dangerously ill some time, and wished very much to see him. When he returned, he begged the Landgravine would indulge him with his afternoon's nap, that he might recruit his strength for his journey; for no persuasion had power to prevail on him to pass another night in Nordia. He assured Risa, that it was impossible for him to do so, as the horses were already ordered, that he had promised to sleep at a friend's house on

the road; and that business of consequence obliged him to be at Grieffenhorst early the next evening.

I am apt to believe he had some other reason for his haste, than what he chose to assign, as I think it more than probable, that he was uneasy on Julia's account, and that he had promised to meet her on the road; and I am the more inclined to think so, as he refused to let Albert accompany him, as he wished to do; nor would he take his horses and servants, although he repeatedly offered them, but ordered post horses. As Albert knew his father did nothing without deliberation, and that a resolution once fixed was unalterable, he ceased to importune him; and Risa, as well as himself, saw with regret, the preparations that were making for his departure.

He left them to enjoy his accustomed repose: Sophia led him to the apartment that was prepared for him, and when she returned, Risa perceived her friend's eyes were red with weeping.

She

She had likewise observed the particular attention Sophia had shewn to Casper, and with what watchful tenderness she had endeavoured to anticipate his wishes. Risa knew and alone knew, the whole of her sad story, and how eagerly she had caught at the slender probability of finding in Casper the father of her Herman—her tears, therefore, did not surprise her.

Albert left the room soon after Sophia entered it, to answer a note he had received from the Prince. Risa went to her pensive friend, who was standing at the window, lost in her own reflections. “You have been crying, my dear Sophia,” said she, embracing her.—“Yes,” replied she, “but my tears were those of joy; for Casper is, indeed he is, my Herman’s father. As I led him up stairs, he repeatedly declared he had not spent so happy a day for many years; and yet, as I left the room, I heard him, deeply sighing, say, ‘Oh God! thou alone knowest what I suffer!’ I heard no more; for I was seized with a shivering fit, tears started into my eyes, and it was with

“difficulty I left the room.” Albert entered as she pronounced the last words, and the conversation ended.

Rifa, however, pursued the thought, and the longer she did so, the more her wonder increased. She had remarked, that Casper never called Albert son; which, with Buxar’s broken hints, and the appearance of the strange woman in the prison the night before, made it appear as clear as the sun at noon day, that Casper was not his father. But who was! was the question that forced itself on her mind. Rush had told her that the woman had been in the garden with the King, and left it in the greatest agony; and the fright, that almost bordered on despair, that Buxar was in, when he said, “Can Arno sign Prince Heclor’s death,” were circumstances that would have convinced her whose son he was, had a spark of ambition been concealed in her heart. He may conceive how much her thoughts must have been occupied when we say, that Albert was at her elbow without her perceiving him. He passed his hand across her forehead, and said,
“My

“My dear Rifa, what are you thinking about?” She looked up, and saw neither a king’s, nor a nobleman’s son—she saw Albert, and he was all to her.

He mentioned Casper several times, always calling him father, when he did so; and at last observed the ladies smile: he inquired the reason of their doing so?—“Because,” said Sophia, “I never heard him call you son.” Albert was silent, and it was visible her words had made an impression on him. “But he called me daughter,” said Rifa, smiling, and taking hold of Albert’s arm.—“The impossibility of your being so,” said Sophia, looking at her watch, and going towards the door, “is not so great, as the Major being his son is.” Saying so she left the room.

Albert. “Does Sophia dream, or have her senses forsaken her?”

Rifa. “No! I believe she is in her sober senses; but if she is in a dream, we will not disturb her; for you have no idea, Albert, how delightful the waking dreams of a love-sick girl are.”

Albert. "If it does not make you uneasy, I have no objection to her amusing herself at my expense; but if she encourages such fancies, she may persuade you in time, I sprung out of the earth, like a mushroom; or that a gipsy left me in a hollow tree, in Grieffenhorst forest."

Rifa. "Which if I was weak enough to believe, would make no difference in my sentiments: for I hope I need not now assure you, that it is yourself, not your advantages, I love—Albert, not Major de Nordenchild, is the object of Rifa's affections."

Albert. "And your love exalts me more, than if Arno was to acknowledge me for his son, and to bestow his crown on me."

Rifa. "I am too well acquainted with your worth, to let such accidental circumstances give me a moment's pain: to me it is indifferent if your mother was a gipsy, or a princess; whether you grew up like a mushroom, or whether a sparrow picked up the seed from whence you
"sprung,

“ sprung, on a distant shore, and dropped
“ it on our’s, to be hatched by the sun.
“ Does Sophia know the origin of her
“ Herman? he may be a vagrant prince;
“ or a fox may have stolen him out of a
“ hen’s nest, for any thing she knows to
“ the contrary; and does she love him less
“ for it? I am vexed, Albert, that you
“ are still so little acquainted with my
“ heart.”

Albert. “ I never doubted the disinte-
“ restedness of your love; upon my word
“ I never did; but you will allow me to feel
“ the honour, that Risa, not the Landgravine
“ of Hulm, has exalted me to.”

Risa. “ It is lucky for you, that you re-
“ collected yourself in time, and added the
“ last words, or I should have punished
“ you for disobedience. But you seem to
“ have forgotten the penalty that was laid on
“ those that made use of certain expressions,
“ such as honour, exaltation, rank, and
“ the like: for you have said a number of
“ disagreeable things to-day, which if you
“ repeat, I shall certainly be forced to in-

“flict it on you; I suppose you remember
“what it is?”

Albert. “Not to be allowed a kiss
“for a whole day—the punishment is
“severe, indeed; but although I own I
“deserve it, I beg you will be merciful
“enough to defer it; for you know the
“time may soon come, when the Major
“will force Albert from you; therefore pu-
“nish him.”

Rifa. “Even your saying so deserves it;
“for you know how necessary it is for our
“happiness, not to think beyond the pre-
“sent hour: but for this once I will let it
“pass, only no more of exaltation I beg
“of you.”

Albert. “In defiance of punishment, I
“will repeat it; nor should I be deserving
“of your love, did I not gratefully feel,
“and acknowledge the value of it. How
“proud did Albert feel, when Rifa refused
“a Prince for his sake—how little did the
“Major appear at that moment!”

Rifa. (laughing) “I now begin to un-
“derstand you; you want to advance;
“well, have patience; for you know they
“say;

“say, Colonel Ratland cannot recover,
“and when he dies, you will rise to his
“rank.”

Albert. “I perceive you are laughing at
“me; but tell me, Rifa, will the Colonel
“have more weight with you than Albert
“has?”

Rifa. “What discontented creatures you
“men are—I believe if you were King—

Albert. (interrupting her) “I should not
“feel more exalted, than I do at this mo-
“ment. I might command others, but I
“hope I should ever remain your Albert.
“At present I look down with pity and
“contempt on Kings.”

Rifa. “It is time to change the subject,
“for you really grow quite romantic.”

Albert. “When fortune is in good hu-
“mour, any arm can win a kingdom; but
“but who can gain a Rifa? You refused
“a crown for my sake; and words are too
“poor to express my gratitude to you for
“it, best and most adored of women.”

Rifa. “A golden one, Albert, instead
“of which you shall twine me one of

“myrtle, there will be fewer thorns in
“it.”

Casper awoke, and was surprised to see a female kneeling by his bed-side, who I suppose my readers will guess was no other than Sophia; as soon as Casper moved she, took one of his hands and pressed it to her lips. Near her stood a beautiful boy, about two years old, playing at a chair. Casper raised himself up, and looked at her with pity, for he fancied her to be an unfortunate person, whose senses were deranged. She fixed her eyes on him, and her tears flowed abundantly. “I perceive,” said Casper, returning the pressure of her hand, “you are an unhappy girl.”—“I am so,” replied she, “nor are you a less unhappy father.” Casper was amazed, and withdrew his hand from her’s, to conceal his agitation. He inquired what made her suppose so?—“Your own words,” said she, “for when I left the room, not long ago, ‘I heard you say, ‘O God! thou knowest what I suffer;’ and my agitated heart immediately suggested to me, how nearly
“I was

“I was related to the cause of your sorrows, and you to mine.” Casper looked at her with astonishment, and she proceeded.—“Heaven only knows what I suffer, what I have long suffered; and I hope will, in it’s mercy, take pity on me, and on him. Forgive me, father, for renewing your afflictions; I see the anguish that rages in your bosom, but forgive, and pity me.” She took the child into her arms, and, presenting him to Casper, said: “His name is likewise Herman!”—“Herman! Herman!” repeated Casper, who at that moment felt the strength of nature’s ties. “Herman,” and stretched out his trembling arms towards the child. Sophia put him into them, and clasping her hands, said, “Nature! Nature! who can deny your power; you are, yes, you are, (clasping his knees) my father.”

Casper had some difficulty to recollect himself; the unexpected scene was almost too much for him, and had renewed the remembrance of many painful events: the sorrow that he had uninterruptedly felt for upwards of thirty years, now seemed to

rush like a torrent on his mind, and almost overwhelmed him: he gasped for breath, but at last recovering himself, and turning to Sophia, said, "My dear, dear daughter! but tell me where he is?"

Sophia. "Should I be unhappy if I knew where he was?"

Casper. "Is he living?"

Sophia. "Yes! for never should I have survived his death. A few days ago, I received a letter from a friend, in which she informed me, that she had lately heard he was living, and in a foreign service; but in whose, or where he is to be found, is as uncertain as the moment of our death."

Casper. (folding his hands) "My God! I thank thee for giving me her (folding Sophia in his arms), and I thank you for the comfort: the consolation you have given me—you have cheered my latter hours with a ray of comfort, that for many, many years, has been a stranger to my heart. Oh! had he but a clue to find me out."

Sophia.

Sophia. "I hope through my friends
 " means to be able to discover where he is,
 " and as soon as I find him, I will be his
 " guide to you."

Casper. "What a happy hour will that
 " be! My God! dare I hope such hap-
 " piness is still reserved for me in this
 " world!"

Sophia. "Angels will announce the ap-
 " proach of it to you, and it will remain
 " your portion till the last moment of your
 " life."

Casper. "Honour and riches have abun-
 " dantly fallen to my lot; but few, very
 " few have been the comforts I have hi-
 " therto enjoyed—none that have equalled
 " the present, therefore, if this is the last
 " and only one Heaven has in store for
 " me, I shall die satisfied; but," kissing
 the child, "tell me the particulars of your
 " story."

Sophia. "Days would be insufficient to
 " do so; besides, my heart would break
 " at the repetition of my woes; it is im-
 " possible for me to tell you where I found
 " him, and how he left me; this boy,"
 hiding

hiding her face on Casper's shoulder;
 "this child—but can you forgive the
 "weakness of an unhappy girl, who, in
 "an unguarded moment, sacrificed what
 "ought to have been dearer to her than
 "life—her honour to the man she loved?
 "and yet, father, I cannot repent the
 "fault I committed.—No, child! (clasp-
 "ing him in her arms) was I forced to
 "beg your bread, and purchase water for
 "you with my blood, I still should not be
 "able to repent the sacrifice I made!
 "Villains! titled ones, tore him from my
 "arms; for at that time I had the misfor-
 "tune of being thought handsome; he
 "endeavoured to prove his claim to me
 "with the sword, which wounded feve-
 "ral, and pierced one of their hearts—he
 "fell, and from that unfortunate moment
 "Herman has been lost to me."

Casper. "Poor unhappy girl! by the
 "trait you have just mentioned, my heart
 "acknowledges your Herman for my son;
 "for the Nordenshilds detest villains, be
 "their rank ever so exalted; and you are
 "a Nordenshild (laying his hand on the

“ child’s head) and may your heart, when
“ your weeping mother teaches you to
“ lisp the name of Casper, always add that
“ of Nordenfild to it.”

Child. (stretching out his arms towards him) “ Casper ! Casper ! ”

Casper. (pressing him to his heart)
“ What, have you learned it already ?
“ Well, then, when you no longer lisp
“ it as you do now, but fearlessly own to
“ the world your right to the name of
“ Nordenfild, may you already have
“ trampled on villainy, and proved to the
“ world your abhorrence of every thing that
“ is mean and worthless. This is my wish,
“ attended with my blessing ; ” he kissed
the child as he spoke, and after having
pressed him to his aged bosom, returned
him to his weeping mother, and con-
tinued ; “ how fortunate it is, my dear
“ Sophia, that I made this discovery to-
“ day, for seven hours later my making a
“ suitable provision for this poor infant,
“ would have been attended with much
“ more difficulty than it is at present.
“ But tell me, Sophia, although to my-
“ self

“self it is unnecessary, for my heart assures me of the legitimacy of his claim ;
“have you no proofs to offer—no name
“nor place you can mention which may
“lead to a confirmation of it ?”

Sophia. “None ! all I know, is, that
“his reported father was called Herman
“d’Unstern ; but my Herman was as
“little acquainted with his real name and
“country, as with what passes on the
“other side the moon. The only circumstance he knew, was, that his father
“banished him to adopt a prince in his
“stead.”

Casper. (terrified) “He knew, it then !
“treacherous Attenbach ! you concealed
“from him the knowledge of his name
“and family, because his ignorance of
“them were advantageous to your mercenary views ; but you planted a dagger in
“his bosom, that no filial affection should
“ever take root in it ! (paused.) *Sophia,*
“this affair must remain a profound secret, my oath and promise are given
“never to divulge it ; therefore if you do
“not wish to embitter with anguish the
“few

“ few remaining days of an old man,
 “ whose honour has hitherto been invio-
 “ late, let it remain involved in the dark-
 “ nefs of night; and you must promise me
 “ not ever to mention it to the Landgra-
 “ vine.”

Sophia. “ You may depend on my se-
 “ crecy; I will conceal in the innermost
 “ recesses of my heart the joy I feel at
 “ having found an affectionate father;
 “ I will be silent as the grave as long as
 “ you think it necessary; but the scene
 “ that passed last night has excited Risa’s
 “ attention and curiosity—she guesses.”

Casper. “ It was impossible to avoid
 “ exciting wonder last night; but let her
 “ suppose what she will, that is of no
 “ consequence: nay, perhaps, it is what
 “ I wish; nothing but a positive expla-
 “ nation is contrary to my oath, therefore,
 “ Sophia, be cautious and silent. How
 “ soon may that capricious old man’s eyes
 “ be closed, and his death is the signal of
 “ my son’s return: but it is probable that
 “ mine will be so first, and my poor Her-
 “ man is, perhaps, exposed to many dan-
 “ gers; that boy, therefore—but—(after
 “ a pause)

“ a pause) what relations have you living?”

Sophia. (weeping) “ I have neither father, mother, nor brother; and I wandered, till lately, as forlorn and forsaken in the world, as the first created atom in immeasurable space. I never knew my mother, she died when I was an infant: my father was in the service of the unfortunate James, and fell in his cause in Ireland; as did my only brother at Oudenard, where he fought under Eugene and Marlborough.— Father! this boy Herman, and you, are all I possess.”

Casper. “ And we will endeavour to make up to you the losses you have sustained. I think your name is Sophia de Stemberg?”

Sophia. “ Yes.”

Casper. (writing it down in his pocket-book) “ It would be dangerous to mention a fictitious name in my will—and you are the boy’s mother; in case therefore my death should happen before this affair is cleared up, you will inherit all
“ my

" my family estates ; the rest of my pos-
 " sessions are loans from the King to me,
 " and fall to Albert. I shall leave every
 " thing in your power, and am so well
 " convinced of your worth, as to know I
 " run no risk in doing so ; for I am cer-
 " tain you will secrete no part of my for-
 " tune from the knowledge of my son and
 " your child, nor suffer it to fall into
 " strange hands."

Sophia. " Father !"

Casper. (pressing her hand) " Well !
 " well ! excuse me ; you know I am an
 " old man, and he is my only son."

Sophia. (kissing his hand) " I desire to
 " possess nothing without my Herman ;
 " and should fate have still greater mis-
 " fortunes in store for me than I have al-
 " ready experienced, yet never will I deny
 " that this boy is my child."

Casper. " That was what I wished to
 " know, good amiable creature ! I wanted
 " to be certain you would own to the
 " world you were his mother. And to
 " protect you from every danger, as far as
 " lies in my power, I will name Albert
 " my

“ my executor, and your guardian ; his
“ worth, integrity, and power, make
“ him the properest person I can name,
“ and you may depend on finding in him
“ a person both able and willing to serve
“ you. You may perhaps have need of
“ assistance, for there is one, and only one
“ person in my family whom I do not
“ trust—I mean Hardi ; he most likely
“ will do all in his power to defraud you,
“ but fear nothing, for Albert will protect
“ you. Therefore should the happiness of
“ seeing my son be denied me, the certainty
“ that he some time or other will receive
“ his paternal estate from the hands of
“ his Sophia, and enjoy it with her, will
“ sweeten the hour of death. (Sophia
“ cried.) Weep not, my beloved daughter,
“ I am old, very old—and who knows
“ how soon I may be called away ; therefore
“ when he comes, lead him to my
“ grave and say—there he rests ! Report
“ will most likely have informed him of my
“ name ; but how surprized will he be,
“ to find in that Nordenschild who always
“ bore the character of an honest man,
“ and

“and who, although a warrior, was not
“divested of humanity, the father that
“banished an helpless infant to penury
“and distress. As some excuse for the
“seeming inhumanity of my behaviour,
“tell him, Sophia, that friendship for a
“king I really loved and respected, urged
“me to the first step ; and that afterwards,
“when I still thought myself arbitrator of
“his fate, a villain betrayed the confidence
“I placed in him, and robbed us of each
“other ; tell him, pray tell him, that his
“father asks, entreats his forgiveness.”

The recollection of the sacrifice he had made to friendship, the cruel fraud the avarice of a false friend had committed, almost convulsed his feeble frame, and it was with the greatest difficulty he was able to pronounce the last words ; his arm was thrown round Sophia's neck, and her tears flowed abundantly down his furrowed cheek ; the child climbed on her knee, and because he saw her cry, did the same. “Let me beg of you,” said she,
“to compose yourself ; such violent agitation must injure the most robust constitution ;
“tion ;

“tion; think, then, the effect it must
“have on one so delicate as your’s. Re-
“member the value your life and health
“is of to me, and the pleasure that awaits
“you;—do, dear father, endeavour to
“compose yourself.”

Casper. “But do you think he will for-
“give me?”

Sophia. “My Herman is as noble-
“minded as yourself, and what you con-
“descend to ask, I am certain he will not
“refuse.”

Casper. “I hope not, for he is a Nor-
“denshild, and my son. But now I am a
“little more composed, do try to describe
“him to me—how does he look?”

Sophia. (smiling) “I wish you could
“peep into my heart, you would find his
“image engraven there: but I fear my
“words will give you but a very imper-
“fect idea of him; he is tall, and ex-
“tremely well made; he has light hair
“and blue eyes; dignity, stability, and
“worth, are strongly stamped on his every
“feature; and his eyes, what courage—
“and ah! what love do they express!”

“Place

“ Place him next to Albert, and each female heart, Rifa’s and mine excepted, will be at a loss on which to fix.”

Casper. “ I have seen him, Sophia !
“ and still see him there—there he stands,
“ just as you described him. I did not
“ think my imagination would have been
“ strong enough to have personified your
“ description so well ; let me die when I
“ will, I have seen him, and thank you
“ for the comfort you have given me ;
“ and now we will go to the company.
“ Remember your promise of secrecy, and
“ assure yourself you will ever be the beloved daughter of my heart. The Landgraveine is going to Hulm this winter,
“ and intends staying there some weeks ;
“ she has promised to pay me a visit at
“ Grieffenhorst as she goes there, perhaps
“ we may be able to prevail on her to leave
“ you there for a few days, when we
“ shall be able to talk of, and settle our
“ affairs.”

He desired Sophia to give him the child ; she lifted it into his arms ; he embraced and pressed him to his bosom, and
made

made him repeat "Casper" to him several times, which he did with the playful innocence of infancy. Casper, after fixing his eyes steadfastly on him for some time, returned him to his mother. "God preserve both him and his father to you," said he, and a tear trembled in his eyes as he spoke. Sophia carried the child to his nurse, who was waiting in an outer room, and then retired to her apartment, and endeavoured to compose herself as well as she could; she succeeded better than could well be expected, for when she returned to Casper to lead him to the saloon, where the company and coffee waited for him, she appeared composed, nay, even cheerful.

I think I see the surprize that is marked on the faces of many of my fair readers, on account of the unexpected discovery they have just made, that Sophia is a mother—and a mother without being a wife. I think I see some of you sneer and say, "fie!" But be not too rigid, ye virtuous fair, but pardon her weakness, and bless
your

your kinder fate for having preserved you from temptations, such as fell to her share, which, had they been thrown in your way, it is about ten to one you would have resisted no better than she did—perhaps not so well. But to proceed.—

Risa had taken Herman under her protection at the time she did his mother, but to save appearances, he passed for the child of one of her attendants, who had begged the Landgravine's permission to keep him with her, which no one wondered at, as Risa was known to be goodness itself.

When she and Sophia left Hulm to visit Nordia, the child was left there with his pretended mother, under the immediate inspection of Valeske, who was likewise extremely fond of him. But after the adventure with the coffee, Albert and Sophia persuaded Risa to send for a person from Hulm in whom she could confide; and to oblige them, she sent for the person who had the charge of Herman, she having great confidence in her, and she, under pretence of not being able to live

separated from her child, brought him to Nordia with her.

As he was a beautiful boy, no-body was surprized at the Landgravine's fondness of him, nor of his being almost always with her. If any one asked him his name, he said, "Herman!" or his father's name, "Herman!" was likewise his answer; and once when Albert was playing with him, he asked him if he knew what his grandfather's name was, (it was a few days after Sophia's eclaircissement with Casper) the boy without hesitating, replied, "Casper!" Risa laughed immoderately at it, as well as at Albert's confusion, which he could not conceal. Not that he thought the child had any meaning in saying so, for he knew his mother had never seen Casper in her life, but the name pronounced by the child had the effect of electricity on him, and tinged his cheeks of a deeper dye. Sophia, for more reasons than one, was extremely pleased at the boy's answer, and on seeing Albert's confusion, without reflecting, added, "who knows but he may be in the
"right?"

“right?” But she would have given the world to have recalled her words the moment she had uttered them; for as she had told the Landgravine some time before, that her hopes concerning Casper had proved chimerical, she was afraid her unguarded expressions might awaken her curiosity—but she was happily mistaken, for Risa perceived that Albert thought, she meant thereby to imply his claim to the child, and that increased her mirth. Sophia was very glad the affair ended so well, and was more careful for the future.

Casper soon took leave, for he had much business to transact before sun-set; even his pipe (which the Landgravine knew he was accustomed to smoke with his coffee, and had insisted on his taking) was laid down unfinished, and he hurried his departure with the greatest impatience. When Albert saw him lay down his pipe, he assured Risa that he was certain nothing would be able to prevail on him to prolong his stay, for an unfinished pipe was always a criterion by which one might

judge how urgent his business must be, and that she would only pain him, without succeeding, by repeating her intreaties. "I will say no more about it, then," said she, "but I have a favour to ask, which I hope you will grant, it is to allow me to accompany you for a league or two." Casper willingly consented, for who could deny a Risa such a favour! indeed, it was not an easy matter to deny her any thing; for that few females possessed the persuasive powers she did, was a remark that Casper made. "Was I young," said he, "I believe you could do what you pleased with me; I could refuse you nothing, and even now I find it difficult to do so. If my departure was not absolutely necessary, I would neither leave you to-day nor to-morrow; nay, I believe I should take up my abode with you—I never desire to see Nordia again, and I have reconciled myself to the idea of never more beholding Arno—but I should like to end my days with you. I hope you will remember your promise of visiting me at Grieffenhorst; bring
"Sophia,

“ Sophia, and as many of your attendants
 “ as you chuse, for the house is large
 “ enough to contain all your family; but
 “ pray come soon, or you may repent hav-
 “ ing denied me the pleasure your com-
 “ pany will give me, which you will do,
 “ should your carriage pass the church-
 “ yard that contains my ashes, and my
 “ tomb-stone, perhaps more conspicuous
 “ than those of my brethren, should meet
 “ your eye.” She promised to keep her
 word, and they entered the Landgravine’s
 post-coach. Sophia and Herman, who
 were designedly placed in the way, went
 with him and Albert, and some officers
 that had dined with them, escorted them
 on horseback.

The pleasure Casper’s unexpected ap-
 pearance had given the worthy inhabi-
 tants of Nordia, was by his speedy depar-
 ture changed to sorrow; for they hoped
 and expected that he would remain there
 for some time, at least long enough to re-
 medy some abuses that pressed them hard.
 But when they saw his carriage leave the
 town, many a poor man said with a sigh

to his afflicted neighbour, "Now the Lord have mercy on us, for he on whom we depended has left us again." But we must likewise own, that his doing so occasioned the most heart-felt joy to many, who peeping through their silken window curtains, or Venetian blinds, exultingly exclaimed, "Thank God! there he goes."

But the most sorrowful face that was to be seen, appeared like a holiday one, compared to poor Sophia's; when they arrived at the place where Casper's carriage waited, and he taking hold of his crutch, exclaimed "stop!" it seemed to her as if she was going to take an eternal farewell of him on whom her temporal happiness depended; in vain she endeavoured to recal to her mind the Landgrave's intention of going to Griefeshorst in a few weeks; she forgot every thing but the pang of separation, which is a pang every sympathetic heart must feel in this life. We meet, become acquainted, attach ourselves, feel friendship or love for a deserving object who returns our affection, and think it impossible to live separated

parated from those we so fondly, so sincerely esteem; but before we are aware, when we think ourselves the most secure, how often does the parting tear drop, and fully the pleasure we thought perfect. Parting from those we love is always painful; let it be for years or moments, for distant countries or an evening walk, it is immaterial—for how often does an intended short separation prove an eternal one!

Casper embraced his loved companion, pressed the child to his heart, and left them. Albert was the least affected of the company; he helped him into his carriage, and pressing his hand, said, “I shall soon come to Grieffenhorst.” Risa’s and Sophia’s eyes followed him, and it was not till they saw the clouds of dust, his carriage occasioned, that their tears began to flow. Sophia was thankful to heaven that her friend was as much affected as herself, for it prevented her doing violence to her feelings—their tears flowed together.

Rifa desired Albert and Major Hasenfest to let their servants lead their horses, and ride home with them, thinking their company would banish their gloom. To do so, the gentlemen tried their united efforts for some time in vain, particularly Hasenfest, who was a witty, or rather jocose man; but it was some time before he could force a smile, much less a laugh from them. "I find," said he, "that grief is something like debts, easily contracted, but difficult to get rid of." His observation was productive of two good consequences, for it made the company laugh, who all knew he owed more florins than he had pence to pay. Hasenfest had no other fault than want of economy, in other respects he was a sensible, useful, and worthy man—a man of genius. When he rode into the country to visit his relations, every one knew he had not a feed of oats in his stable for his horses; and when he asked Albert on the parade where he intended to dine, he knew he had neither done so, nor drank a glass of wine for two days; which latter
case

case had happened that morning, and Albert had, without ceremony, taken him to the Landgravine's. To go there was always a treat to Hasenfest, for as Albert's friend he was certain of being a welcome guest, and he was sure of finding good wine and good company, and he loved both.

The other advantage his observation was productive of, was, that when they were near home, Risa said to him, "One good turn deserves another, Major, you cured my dulness, and in return I will rid you of your debts."—"Hush!" replied he, "for if my commander," pointing to Albert, "hears you speak about debts, we shall have the devil to pay; nay, perhaps, he will be so angry with me, that he will not give me leave to go into the country to-morrow."

Risa. (smiling) "I suppose he will think your oats will grow mouldy in your bins, if you make such frequent excursions."

Hasenfest. “ There is no great danger
“ of that, for there is room enough in
“ them for the air to circulate.

Rifa. “ So much the better ; but is your
“ business in the country so very pressing
“ that you must go to-morrow ? Perhaps
“ you can delay it till the day after—or
“ next year !”

Hasenfest. “ The longer I delay it, the
“ more agreeable it will be to me—and
“ should my old snarling cousins die in
“ the mean time, so much the better for
“ me.”

Rifa. “ Well, then, I expect you to
“ dine with me to-morrow, and (whisper-
“ ing) bring a list of your debts with you,
“ I will discharge them, and no one shall
“ know what they amount to.”

The next day extricated Hasenfest from his difficulties ; he could again walk erect through the town, without being necessitated to make a servile bow to his shoemaker and taylor, at whose approach he used to tremble ; and as for his dear friends and peevish relations in the country,

try, he did not pay them a visit at least for a quarter of a year.

But in the mean time I should like to know what is going on at court. We took a transient glance of it some time ago, and to our great satisfaction perceived the wound faction received; I will therefore without any ceremony introduce my reader into Arno's drawing-room on the first gala day that was kept after the late bustle, although perhaps, like myself, he has no right to appear there.

It was Prince Hector's birth-day, which had not been celebrated at court in so distinguished a manner for several years. With beating hearts and downcast eyes did many a courtier glide through the crowd, thinking that this festival would be the signal for their destruction. The reconciliation they had so long laboured to prevent, was now effected; their schemes, their intrigues, would now be discovered, and their reduction into their original nothingness was the least punishment they expected.

But Hector's soul was too noble to trample on a subdued enemy; and Arno was too happy to waste a thought on them; their only punishment therefore, at least for the present, was the reproaches of an accusing conscience—a pang that even Hector's mind was not entirely freed from. “According to the course of nature, “my father cannot live many years longer, “and when he was no more, would have “been time enough to have put my plan “into execution; then I could have done “so without paining his heart by discovering to him my knowledge of his “weakness. Oh! that I could recal the “past,” were the thoughts that continually occupied his mind. His former wrongs were buried in oblivion; he forgot every painful circumstance attending them, and remembered nothing but the pleasure the returning love and confidence of a father, from whose heart he had so long been alienated, gave him; this made him bear the restraint and *gêne* of a court he detested—to do so, cost him some trouble, but his resolution at last subdued his inclination.

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I believe many of Albert's persecutors would rather have begun a pilgrimage to Mecca that morning, than have drove to court in their gilded carriages; for how painful must their feelings have been at the thought of seeing the man they had so cruelly injured by their malicious calumny; that man's innocence was as clearly proved as their guilt, and endeared by the unjust persecutions he had endured, to the King's heart, from whence they had taken such unwarrantable steps to banish him. But they judged of Albert by themselves, for far, very far from his mind was the idea of revenge; he felt his superiority over the servile crowd too much, to harbour so mean a thought—from him they had nothing to fear. His behaviour was as tranquil and polite as before; he spoke to the King with the same ease and in the same tone of voice in his drawing-room as he had done in the fortress a few weeks before, when his answer to Arno's reproaches was, "he who does not fear death, is not easily intimidated." He was neither more reserved, nor did he assume a more confident

dent manner towards the King and courtiers, than he had done before ; in short it was impossible to suppose from his behaviour, that any thing had happened. Yet, well calculated as it was for the purpose, it did not tranquillize them, for they were too great adepts in the art of deception to let appearances deceive them ; for Albert's name, unexpectedly mentioned, always put them into as great a panic, as a hare feels when she is seized by the hounds ; and a serious look, or a shrug of the shoulder from Arno, or any of his friends, was a dagger to the heart.

“ Far ! far ! removed from this heart,
“ my such sensations ever remain,” exclaimed the author of this book, as he was sitting under a pear-tree, in his garden.
“ Never may I become so despicable a slave
“ as a servile courtier is—a body enervated
“ by luxury, and a mind warped by mean
“ selfishness, which makes it incapable of
“ every good, every noble deed—such is
“ the miserable machine mis-called man !
“ how is nature's master-piece mutilated !
“ how spoiled ! With what relish do I eat
“ my

“ my coarse, home-baked bread, and drink
 “ the four wine my vineyard produces ;
 “ while your palled appetite complains of
 “ satiety and disgust, at tables crowded
 “ with every dainty art and luxury can
 “ produce. Ye are likewise insensible to
 “ the power of harmony—the most melo-
 “ dious sounds are lost on you ; for they are
 “ no longer able to soothe your mind, nor
 “ lull you into a gentle slumber. Keep
 “ your tinselled trappings, I envy you not
 “ for them ; far remain the wish for such
 “ trifles from this heart. But welcome,
 “ thrice welcome, my humble cot ; inde-
 “ pendence, and calm content. In the
 “ evening I am accountable to no mortal,
 “ how I spent the day—then I feel my su-
 “ periority over you ; and when I awake in
 “ the morning, the serenity of my bosom,
 “ and peace of mind, tell me, how much
 “ happier I am than you.”

But we are at court again—When Hec-
 tor entered the drawing-room every one
 pressed forward to offer their congra-
 tulations to him : he received them po-
 litely,

lately, but with as much coolness and indifference, as he knew the machines that offered them felt. One of the last that presented themselves to him was Albert. Hector's countenance became more animated as his friend approached. "I am glad to see you, my dear Count," said he, shaking Albert's hand. Albert stared at him, not comprehending the meaning of his words; but the swarm of courtiers that surrounded them, were ready to sink into the earth; such was the effect Hector's words had on them. "Here is your present," continued Hector, presenting it to him; "and I assure you it was the most acceptable present my father could make me to-day; therefore accept of it as a proof of his esteem. I know it will neither contribute to your happiness, nor worth; but at least it will prove to succeeding generations, that the Kings of Barenau knew how to distinguish the merits of their friends—the worth of their Nordenshilds." He spoke the last words loud enough for every person in the room to hear them; but his raising his voice

voice was unnecessary; for such a silence reigned, that even a whisper would have been audible. Albert thanked him, and put the patent into his pocket, in rather a careless manner; and walked up to the King to thank him for it; but Arno prevented him, by saying, "Do not mortify me, by mentioning such a trifle; I am convinced you deserve more distinguished marks of my favour. All the return I desire is, that you will endeavour to forget the past, as much as lies in your power." So saying, he shook Albert's hand in the most affectionate manner, and turning suddenly from him, mixed with the crowd.

Friends and foes now indiscriminately pressed forward to offer their congratulations: their words were nearly the same, but their countenances were too true a mirror not to discover the feelings that passed in their hearts. Albert saw the number of his enemies was great, but he saw it without being intimidated; for his intentions were upright, and his conscience good.

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His attention was drawn from the motley crowd, by the arrival of the Landgravine, who, offering him her hand, said with a smile, "I wish you joy of your new dignity, Count; but you look so serious," continued she, "that I believe my felicitations are disagreeable to you—if so, I recall them." Albert assured her, with equal frankness, that a congratulation from her for his having won a florin at cards, would give him more pleasure, than if thousands, with the most pompous expressions which were contradictory to their feelings, were to compliment him on his exaltation to the highest rank.

Shame and confusion were painted on the countenances of every female that heard him utter the last words; and not for the world would they have raised their eyes from their fans, or Albert's shoe-buckles. He saw the confusion he had occasioned, and was humane enough, without seeming to notice it, to relieve them, by asking some trifling question relative to the news of the day, and such commonplace topics as he supposed had been the

subject of their conversation before he entered. Some were weak enough to think he did so, to relieve the confusion his unguarded expressions had occasioned himself, and were polite enough to assist his endeavours with extreme volubility. But others, who were better acquainted with his fearless disposition, caution, and sense, knew it was an insult, and that he no longer thought it worth his while to endeavour concealing from them, what he knew to be the cause of their malice—they felt themselves mortified, humbled to the very dust; and those that had not duplicity, or presence of mind enough to conceal their feelings, wisely absented themselves. A peculiar ton now reigned at court; it was, the affectation of the most profound ignorance of whatever concerned the past. Had the motive been as pure as it was the reverse, it would have undoubtedly been the most prudent method that could have been taken, and would have done their hearts as much honour as their heads. Albert thought it was the plan that would be adopted, and had assured Risa, who had prepared herself for a different one, that her precautions would

would be useless: the event proved he was in the right; for what could with propriety be said of the events that happened on the evening of his enlargement; of Rifa and Hector being found in his prison, and a number of other circumstances, that were equally incomprehensible? What could Arno say about them? he could not approve, nor did he chuse to condemn; to do either was equally painful and disagreeable to him: the hint, therefore, he gave was taken by every one, that was any way connected with the court; each one seemed to have taken a sip of the waters of Lethe, from Arno to his under porter; and from the Princess Henrietta to her chambermaid. And if a gossiping person was indiscreet enough to mention any thing relating to Hector, Albert, or Rifa, a laugh; and "who can credit so ridiculous a story?" was all the answer they received: if they had any sense, they understood the reproof, and were silent for the future; if they were fools, they in all probability remained so, and received the same rebuff from the next person they told their tale to. But Arno's silence was extremely painful to Albert
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and Rifa; they had flattered themselves they had an advocate in his bosom, which would make him eager to demand an eclaireissement of the whole affair, which they were determined to give him, with their usual frankness, on his giving the least hint that he wished to be informed of it. But Arno's reserve was impenetrable, nor could they tell what to make of him; in some respects he behaved to them with the affectionate tenderness of a father, and in others with the refined duplicity of a courtier: the more they thought, the more his behaviour puzzled them, and they were often at a loss to know, whether they ought to love, or hate him; whether they should endeavour to gain his confidence, or try to deceive him.

Perhaps, thought Albert, Arno thinks by overwhelming me with honours and favours, he shall be able to awe me to his purpose, and weaken my love; if he does, his motive is so mean, that it makes him unworthy of the gratitude I would so willingly pay him. Or, does he think, by keeping me in continual fear of a discovery,

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he shall prevent my taking any steps towards the attainment of my wishes? Must Arno, at his age, be told, that restraint is often more advantageous to lovers, than the most perfect freedom?

Arno was, indeed, what Casper had once called him, a capricious, and in many respects, an obstinate old man. He had taken it into his head, that nothing would make him happy, but Hulm's being united to Barenau, that was his hobby-horse; and a Turk would sooner have changed his Alcoran for the Bible, than he his favourite project; for although every step he had hitherto taken to unite the two countries had failed, yet the possibility of his succeeding by other methods still remained; for Arno's enterprising spirit in the cabinet and field was unbounded. His ministers did all in their power to nourish his hopes, for which purpose a variety of plans were proposed, and although none of them deserved, nor met with his approbation, yet they served to amuse his mind, and prevented his entertaining the thought of bestowing Hulm on Albert, which was what
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the courtiers feared almost more than death.

This was the impenetrable side of Arno's heart; and his attachment to Albert, although really sincere, had not power to lessen the childish pleasure conquest gave him: much rather would he have bestowed the half of his kingdom on him, for that was his; but to resign his expectation of numbering Hulm amongst his conquests, was an effort exceeding his power. When once master of that, thought he, I shall die contented; I shall then have nothing more to wish for. Indeed the acquisition of it was the thought most pleasing to his heart: Casper's advice and remonstrances were forgotten, nor would he have hesitated in immediately engaging in a war for that purpose, although by doing so he knew he should risk the lives of many that were dear to him: but his grasping at it, in an hostile manner, he foresaw was not the certain method of acquiring it; for his enemies were attentively watching his every motion, and the alliances they had lately formed made them many, and formidable;

midable; and Hulm had been a bone of contention ever since Theffalo's death: he therefore well knew they would not suffer him to run away with it quietly; but a conqueror's hopes are something like a hydra's life, not easily abated, nor destroyed.

The first step I must take, thought Arno, must be to divert Albert's thoughts from Rifa; for his plan is diametrically opposite to mine. I do not absolutely fear him, nor do I wish to give him pain; therefore let me endeavour to amuse him with something else; let me give him a play-thing to fix his attention for some time. He has inherited my spirit of ambition and conquest, but why must he be my rival? and just in that I love most—No, Albert! any thing but Hulm; that I never can consent to give you; when I am dead Hector and you may settle about it as you please, but I will never consent to it: therefore, let me get rid of him for the present, and perhaps some better plan than those that have already been proposed, may offer, to make me master of that wished-for spot.

Such

Such were the thoughts that filled Arno's head and mind, at the moment he signed Albert's patent, and presented it to his son to give him.

Albert received it without pleasure, as he fancied it what it was really meant to be, the gilding of a bitter pill. But he felt conscious afterwards of having received it from his friend, in a manner rather ungraceful, and thanked him for it again as they left the drawing-room together. "Say 'no more about it,'" replied Hector, "for 'your words and thoughts are at variance.'" Albert attempted to explain to him why they were so, but Hector, shaking his hand, said, "You must have patience, Albert," and stepped into his carriage.

No favour that Albert asked was refused by Arno; his every wish was anticipated by him, the one excepted that was nearest his heart, the fruition of which each day seemed to remove to a greater distance. Colonel Rattland died, Albert succeeded him, and the command of the regiment was given to him, which did not surprise

any one, as it was what was expected to happen, although the liberty that was granted him, of modelling it to his mind, was a matter of wonder. The uniform, and the whole arrangement of it, did not please him, in which, on his hinting it to Arno, he desired him to make what alterations he thought proper. To do so he did not find an easy matter, for a number of men were wanting to complete it, and Albert was extremely difficult in his choice. A number of recruits offered themselves to him every day from Hulm, and from the neighbouring countries; for his reputation for humanity and liberality was so well established, that every one whose destiny it was to bear arms, would gladly have enlisted under his banner; but his wish was to have his regiment composed of honest, well-looking, healthy, and robust men, on whose courage and fidelity he could depend in time of necessity; and whose constitutions promised to bear the hardships and fatigues of war: the weakness of youth, and infirmities of age were, therefore, alike inadmissible into his corps, which was entirely

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tirely to consist of men in the prime of life. That a man whose principles were bad, could not be a good foldier, was one of Albert's maxims; therefore, one known to be addicted to any kind of vice, was banished from his regiment; and often would he exchange two or three of his handsomest men, whom he suspected of being either cowardly, or discontented, for one on whom he knew he could depend. The officers often laughed, at what they called his whim; but the event generally proved, that he was an excellent physiognomist.

Albert on finding it impossible to complete his regiment to his entire satisfaction, asked, and gained, the King's permission to send recruiting officers to different parts of the kingdom; and as soon as it was known, that it was for Hulm's Cuirassiers they were beating up, and Nordenshield the commander, numbers flocked to the places of rendezvous, and were engaged; those that pleased him best, were immediately placed in his regiment, and the others were sent to their respective homes, with part of their pay, till such time as he wanted

them to fill up vacancies, by which means Albert had always plenty of able men in reserve, whose services he could command at any time.

It is natural to suppose, Albert's caprice was an expensive one, but his appointments were great, and his private fortune large; and both were devoted to his regiment. And he was amply repaid by the satisfaction Arno expressed the first time he saw it on the parade in its improved state; and by the reflection, that in time of need he should, perhaps, be able to do as much with it, as others would with a brigade. Albert well knew, that a soldier must necessarily be a machine—a being who, although possessed of sense and motion, dares use neither; but who, like a puppet, must move at another's will. But to conceal from them, as much as possible, the humiliating idea, he never used harsh methods, but when gentle ones failed. He endeavoured to govern them by love, rather than fear. The use of the cane was abolished, and he did all that advice and persuasion could, to inspire them with true patrio-

patriotism, ambition, and a proper idea of subordination, for which purpose he was extremely careful that the officers conduct was such as it ought to be; and merit was the only consideration that had any weight with him. "How can you expect, gentlemen," would he often say to them, "to possess the love and confidence of the men, unless you study to deserve it? or how can you imagine they will obey your orders in the field of battle, without they are convinced you know how to give them? and how can they think so, if they continually perceive the blunders you commit? Faults that are so very glaring, as to strike the eye of the most common observer; believe me, gentlemen, every thing depends on the love and confidence of the troops; gain that, and depend on their not deserting you."

Never was a commander better beloved by his men than Albert was; if he only expressed a wish, it was executed with more exactness than the command of another would have been; and an approving nod of his, gave more pleasure to their

hearts, than the most pompous address, without meaning, would have done; and the only fear they knew, was that of losing his friendship.

His regiment was, without exception, the finest in the service, and every one that saw it exercise, was surprised at the order, swiftness, and facility with which the men performed the different evolutions; nor will they be less surprised, when some time hence they see it face the enemy with the same courage and determination; although some satirical old officers called it the clock-work regiment: and once, a Colonel in a foreign service, the intentions of whose court was not thought to be very pacific to Barenau, happened to be on the parade, and said to a gentleman who stood near him, he supposed Hulin's cuirassiers only ventured out when the sun shone. Albert, who heard him, without seeming to be offended, as the officers feared he would, turned to him, and said, with a smile, "Who knows, Colonel, but that
"you and I some time or other may meet
"in a storm; if we do, I hope my men
"will

"will behave in such a manner, as to force you to recall the criticism you are pleased to bestow on them to-day." Albert might with safety have pledged his honour on their doing so, for they had courage, discipline, health and strength, and he was their leader.

When time had abated the dislike most hearts feel at innovations, be they ever so beneficial, the attention of many commanding officers was fixed on the evident advantages that resulted from Albert's arrangements; they felt the injustice they had done him, and wished to introduce the same discipline into their regiments he had done in his. Albert was flattered by the approbation he met with, and which likewise had the good effect to serve as an encouragement to the corps, to behave in such a manner, as to remain an example worthy of imitation.

Prince Maximilian was advanced to the rank of Major in Albert's stead, and although very young, he was passionately fond of the military life, and under Albert's command soon became an excellent officer.

Maximilian did not possess the least pride of birth, and when duty called, as entirely forgot he was a Prince, as Albert, on the same occasion, did there was a Risa in the world. Their sentiments perfectly coincided, and Maximilian soon gained an equal share of the love and esteem of the corps. There were several veteran officers in it, who had served with honour in former campaigns, those he on every occasion treated with the most distinguished respect, which made them forget what would otherwise have been a mortification to them, his youth; and they obeyed his commands with the same willingness and pleasure, as they had formerly done his father's, who had the command of the same regiment: indeed they seemed to have transferred their love from a father who was deservedly esteemed in the corps, to a son who was not less so.

That Albert was Risa's declared lover, was no longer a secret, and therefore his being seen in her carriage, or she in his, did not cause the least surprise; and if a servant was sent with a message from Arno
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to him, he commonly called at the Landgravine's palace to inquire for him, before he went to his lodgings, knowing it was more probable to find him there than at home. Every one avoided speaking about them as much as possible; but if the subject was started, it was treated as an old story every one knew, and the discourse was changed as soon as possible; yet sometimes, when they left court together, after a ball at midnight, and the ladies saw Albert, after handing the Landgravine to her carriage, step in after her, they could not restrain an involuntary shrug of the shoulder, or a significant nod to each other, which, had they been explained were, perhaps, meant to convey an idea not quite consonant with christian charity, which teaches us to think and hope the best of our neighbours: even Arno often shook his head, and the remembrance of his youthful sins started into his mind, and occasioned the reflection, that, "Opportunities produce danger."

But I with pleasure assure my readers,
that Arno's fears, and the ladies satirical

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nods,

nods, were equally void of foundation ; had I the least cause of suspicion they should certainly be informed of it, for I suppose they will have discovered, by my blabbing Sophia's secret, that taciturnity is not in my composition. But as I really know nothing, and am not malicious enough to invent scandalous stories, for the pleasure of retailing them, they may assure themselves, that Albert's love was too respectful, and Rifa's notions of delicacy too refined, to permit them to trespass, even in thought, the most limited bounds of propriety.

Every thing was perfectly tranquil at court, and except the shake of Arno's head, and the shrug of the ladies shoulders, not a word was heard, nor a gesture seen, that denoted discontent. Albert was almost worshipped there, but from the same motive the Indians do the devil—fear ; for Arno settled nothing of consequence without consulting him and Hector about it, and often were their opinions exactly the reverse to the minister's, who severely felt the mortifications they and their party were forced

forced to endure ; for the only way to prevent their being crushed into atoms, was to seem convinced of the justice of their reasonings, and to acquiesce, with seeming conviction, to whatever Hector and his friend proposed.

Yet, although they retained their nominal rank, they were sunk to a mere nothing, for an empty name was all they retained of their former power ; and the sword that seemed to threaten to separate even that from them, appeared suspended over their heads. They supposed their dreaded rivals would form a party of their own ; but they were mistaken, for not a step did they take for that purpose, nor for the advancement of their friends ; even Baron Drake was still Lieutenant, and would have remained so some time longer, if Arno had not desired Albert one day to propose some plan for his advancement. " Will your Majesty be pleased to give " him an Adjutancy in my regiment ? " was Albert's reply. The King immediately did so, and that was the only favour Albert

ver asked, either for Drake, or any of his friends.

Nor was Rifa's behaviour less exemplary than his; it was so gentle, so kind, that none who knew her could help loving her. She endeavoured to conceal, with the utmost caution, her knowledge of Albert's weight, and her own influence at court—she asked as a favour what was in her power to command; thanked when acknowledgments were due to her, and, like Albert, generously forgave, when the means of revenge were in her power. Indeed an almost irresistible charm seemed to accompany her every word and motion, and many females, in whose bosoms the spark of virtue was not entirely extinct, but who before had envied her, for the conquest of Albert's heart, were forced to own she deserved it, and resigned their pretensions to their lovely rival; and they found themselves repaid by her friendship, and the esteem of him, who when they aspired to his heart, had not thought them worth his notice.

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The Countess Teresa was, however, still at the head of a small party, who meditated on revenge and destruction. A plot was timely discovered, which had it been put into execution, might have proved fatal to Albert and Risa. Arno heard of it, and ordered the strictest inquiry to be made for discovering the author, which was found to be Teresa. Arno was in a violent rage, and swore, that if any more attempts were made, she should be made a public example, nor should her elevated rank screen her from the punishment she deserved. Her friends informed her of the King's determination, and cautioned, advised, and even threatened her; but neither persuasions, nor threats, had power to move a heart so depraved as her's. Another attempt was made, and almost immediately discovered; but Arno, notwithstanding his former resolution, was unwilling to proceed to extremities with her, but ordered her vile agents to be severely punished, thinking that would deter her for the future.

One

One day Bushman, her chaffeur (whom we introduced to our readers once before) called at Albert's lodgings, and asked Rush, if the report was true, that the Colonel had given him a place at Grieffenhorst, and that he was going to leave him. "Yes," replied Rush, "I am to be game-keeper there, and leave my master next month; but what makes you inquire?"—"To desire you to tell the Colonel, that if he has not already hired another, I wish to be your successor," said Bushman. Albert was surprised when he was told that Bushman intended leaving her; for he knew she gave her servants higher wages than he did, which he mentioned to him. "It is very true, Sir," replied he, "but I am tired of her service; besides, there is something going on at our house, that I do not understand, but I believe it is no good for all that—this morning the Chamberlain's footman brought a letter for the Countess, I took it to her, and she read it whilst I was in the room; but before it was possible for her to have finished it, she started from her chair,

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"and

“and ran up and down the room as if she
“was mad—she tore the letter into little
“bits, which she threw out of the window;
“I had the curiosity to pick them up, but
“the only words I could make out were
“court, and ‘leave Nordia.’” Albert had
some difficulty to conceal the pleasure the
unexpected intelligence gave him. “I will
“willingly take you into my service,” said
he, “as I find you are determined to leave
“the Countess; you may come to me to-
“day, or whenever you chuse; nor need
“you trouble yourself to ask her for a cha-
“racter, for I neither desire to receive
“a written nor a verbal message from
“her.”

Teresa was in the most violent rage,
when she heard that Bushman intended
quitting her service for Colonel de Norden-
shild's; for she supposed he had engaged
Bushman for no other reason, than to be
informed of her proceedings. But her sus-
picions were unjust; for the first order
Albert gave his new servant was, never to
mention her name in his hearing, nor any
thing that related to her. Teresa raved and
stormed,

stormed, and repeatedly declared, she would oblige him to remain with her, at least till his year was expired. He left the room with a smile, which was, perhaps, meant to express what she imagined—contempt. She now felt her impotence, and Albert's power, and her rage almost choked her. Bushman immediately left her house, and Albert soon after received the agreeable information, that Heaven had released Nordia from that fiend in human shape, she having quitted it early one morning.

Prascha, who had formerly so cruelly oppressed Hector and his friend, still retained his place at court, and behaved with so much caution and finesse, and so entirely entered into their plans, that could they have forgotten the past, they would have taken him for their sincere friend.—“Look at that old sinner,” said Hector one day to Albert at court; “I think it would be doing a good deed, to throw him out of his saddle.”—“Let him alone,” was Albert's reply, “he will do it himself in time.”

The court was not unlike a pantomime entertainment, and it was laughable enough to see the sudden changes of the courtiers' faces, and with what caution they endeavoured to avoid the snares they fancied were spread for them—their fragile bark seemed tossed on a tempestuous ocean, the waves of which threatened every moment to dash it against the rock on which it must split. The most trifling affairs were managed with the greatest circumspection, and care was always taken that they should be done in so equivocal a manner, that they could be altered at pleasure.

Hector and Albert's triumph seemed complete—faction and cabal were stifled, but alas! not annihilated.

CHAPTER V.

WAR.

THE autumn, and beginning of winter passed in the manner I have described, agreeable enough to Albert and Risa; for although they were forced to be on their guard, knowing they dared not trust the smiling faces that surrounded them, yet their danger, and with it their fears, were considerably abated; their enemies were awed, and they had secured to themselves a safe retreat. When the time arrived that the Landgravine had fixed for going to Hulm, she took leave of Arno and the court, and went. Every one supposed Albert would accompany her, but they were mistaken; for he went with her no further than Grieffenhorst, and returned to town, almost before it was thought he could have arrived there. He had more weighty rea-
sons

sons for doing so, than merely to disappoint his enemies, and to laugh at the wonder their faces expressed at his unexpected return. No, he would gladly have resigned such trifling gratifications for the more substantial pleasure of accompanying his beloved Risa to her native Hulm, and spending some days with her there, to have witnessed, and partaken of the joy her faithful subjects felt on the arrival of their much-loved sovereign. But prudence forbade his indulging the wish inclination suggested, and he, therefore, reluctantly resigned it.

One reason for his doing so was, the reflection, that as soon as his back was turned, his enemies would have the King's heart in their power again. He knew Arno was an old, and in many respects, a weak man, and how easily might it happen, that "out of sight out of mind" might be his case: his absenting himself was therefore dangerous, for by doing so, he might lose the ascendancy he had with such difficulty gained. Another reason was, that by the unremitting diligence with which he determined to attend to the affairs that were entrusted

entrusted to his care, he might shew the King, that he would rather do violence to his inclination, than relax in his duty to him.

Of all the party assembled at Grieffenhorst, Risa was the most discontented, and Sophia the happiest; the former had likewise promised herself much pleasure from this visit, but how was she disappointed—Casper did all in his power to amuse, to give her pleasure; she felt grateful for his kind endeavours, but they had no power over her heart, which refused to partake of the various amusements each day offered her; and the appearance of cheerfulness and content, with which she endeavoured to repay his attentions, were painful efforts that politeness obliged her to make, and which she had not at all times the power to command.

Now that she was deprived of Albert's society, she felt how very dear he was to her; for at the time of their first separation it was impossible to judge of her love by the degree of agony she felt, which was not occasioned by their separation, but by
fear

fear and suspense : at that time her feelings were, although more violent, of the same nature as Sophia's, and every one that was attached to him ; for all his friends were unhappy on his account. But now that she had no cause of fear, when she knew him to be perfectly safe, and heard his praise sounded from every mouth, and saw the smile of content diffused on every countenance, she felt that he, and he alone, was all the world to her ; with him every comfort was fled, and every amusement deprived of its charms. With what pleasure did she recal to her mind scenes of past happiness, that recollection kindly presented to her ; they were the food that nourished her hopes, and often would she indulge herself in the pleasing reverie, which, however, usually terminated with a sigh.

Once, as she was taking a solitary walk on the woody mountains of Grieffenhorst (where Sophia had often anxiously sought her) she suddenly exclaimed, " It is he, " and he alone, that forms part of my existence ; without him the world seems a
" desert,

“desart, and I excluded from every comfort nature has to offer : he is the *dispenser* of happiness, of mine at least ; for no sooner does he appear, than every comfort, every bliss is mine—it is he alone——” she stopped short, for the thought echo repeated her words, and looked round with amazement ; but it was Sophia who had followed her.—“It is he,” said she, embracing the Landgravine, “who was agreeably surprised at the sight of her friend.” They wandered about for some time, and then returned to the castle ; Risa at least, in better spirits, than when she left it.

Risa did not make the least objection to Sophia’s remaining at Grieffenhorst, when Casper proposed it to her ; as both he and Sophia feared she would, when they thought on the agitated state her mind was in. Risa felt the loss she should sustain in the privation of her friend’s society ; but as self was always a secondary consideration with her, she was glad that Sophia would be spared the pain of seeing objects that might recall her former misfortunes to her mind.

A few

A few leagues from Hulm she was met by Valeske. Risa was astonished at finding her sister so much improved, both in beauty and accomplishments; for which, without doubt, she was greatly indebted to love, which had animated every feature, and improved every grace.

Risa had much to relate to her sister, and gave her a long and circumstantial account of her love, which Valeske attended to with surprising patience, considering she had a story of her own to relate. She however hoped her sister would soon finish, and that her turn would come: but an author's vanity, and the circumference of the ocean, are only to be compared to a girl's volubility, when she is talking about her lover. "Oh Valeske!" said she, with enthusiasm, but without mentioning his name, "it is impossible to tell you how amiable he is, nor how much I love him." Valeske, whose head had been filled with Maximilian all the time her sister had been speaking, thought that as none could be so amiable as he was, he must be the object of Risa's affections: a
tear,

tear, therefore, started into her eye, and taking her sister's hand, said, "You mean my Maximilian!" Risa perceived the error she had committed, and was sorry for the unintentional pain she had given her sister. "I love your Maximilian too," said she, "but he I have been talking about is Albert de Nordenschild." As soon as Risa had named him, Valeske interrupted her by asking a number of questions concerning her lover; and among the rest, if the whitlow he had on his finger, when he left Hulm, was cured? for she justly thought, that if she did not stop her then, the mention of his name would lead to another long digression. "He is very well," replied Risa, "but by being continually on horseback, the air and dust has spoiled his complexion, as well as Albert's--they are both very much sun-burnt; nor are his hands so soft and white, as when he left you; for he almost always has the sword in one, and the bridle in the other, and has made them brown and hard."—"But his heart!" said Valeske.

Rifa (smiling) "That I have never
 " seen, and can therefore give you but
 " little information about it. I am ex-
 " tremely well satisfied with his behavi-
 " our, as far as my command goes, for I
 " suppose you know he is Major in my
 " regiment ? but you are the commander
 " of his heart."

Valeske. "Dare I hope that a foldier
 " will trust his heart in a girl's keeping ? I
 " believe, sister, that we who boast so
 " much of power, are the greatest slaves."

Rifa. "You seem to have acquired a
 " prodigious deal of experience since we
 " parted ; but you have nothing to fear
 " on Maximilian's account, for his cool-
 " ness and reserve to the ladies is such,
 " as almost to border on rudeness. He
 " goes into no company where females
 " give the ton ; and the severity of his mo-
 " rals is such, as are seldom found in
 " youth, and not always in old age. Had
 " you been as giddy as when I left you, I
 " should have pitied Maximilian, but you
 " are grown as serious as himself ; I sup-
 " pose you are afraid to waste your mirth

“on common occurrences, and therefore
“reserve it till he arrives.”

Valeske. (sighing) “But when will that
“be, Rifa?”

Rifa. “I hope soon; for I heard his
“Colonel say a few days ago, that he
“should soon send an officer to the con-
“fines to receive some recruits; and as his
“Colonel is my Albert, I have no doubt
“of his intrusting his major with a charge
“that a lieutenant might execute—at least
“I hope he will.”

Valeske. (mournfully) “And you only
“hope so? Why did you not desire him?”

Rifa. “And do you think I would tell
“you if I had, for is not an unexpected
“pleasure a double one? Maximilian
“rode part of the way with me to Grief-
“senhorst, and when we parted, he kissed
“my hand and said, ‘I have not written
“to my adored Valeske, for you can in-
“form her of every particular that con-
“cerns me better than any thing I can
“write; tell her I am well, and if you
“please to add, I shall ever remain her
“Maximilian. As a Prince,’ continued
he,

he, pressing my hand, 'I promise you, and
 'as a soldier, and a man of honour, I give
 'my word to Colonel de Nordenschild,'
 turning to him, and giving him his hand,
 'that nothing shall have power to alter
 'my resolution of calling Valefke mine;
 'only I must first be able to say—I de-
 'serve her."

That Valefke's head grew giddy as Rifa spoke, and that Maximilian was already a hero in her opinion, my readers will suppose without my telling them. The only thing she objected to was, his intention of proving to the world what she fancied superfluous — Rifa thought differently, for in her opinion, a Prince without any possessions, had much more need of acquiring a name, than a nobleman who was master of a princely fortune; however, she said nothing about it to her sister, but preached patience to her.

Rifa's entrance into Hulm might almost be compared to a triumphal one; for her faithful subjects received her with the loudest demonstrations of joy; and at some distance from the town she was met

by a number of youths and maidens, who, notwithstanding a deep snow had fallen, were determined to meet and welcome their beloved Landgravine. They presented wreaths and garlands of flowers to her, which the warmth of their affection had forced from frigid nature; and her eye was delighted with the sight of cheerful faces, and her ears charmed by the acclamations and songs of joy that echoed from every mouth.

Yet Hulm no longer seemed her home, nor did her heart feel that pleasure gratitude forced her to assume. Count Manilia, who, during her minority, had been appointed acting minister by Arno, and who, in conjunction with him, managed the affairs of the Landgraviate, waited on her as soon as she arrived, and gave her a long account of his administration during her absence. She was heartily tired before he had finished his relation, for every thing that concerned state affairs and power, were her aversion; for she knew them to be the shackles that robbed her of the freedom of acting as she wished,

wished, and the only answers the Count received to his numberless proposals, were, "Very well," and, "as you think best." There were many fêtes given by the nobility on her account, but the reluctance with which she partook of them, was too visible to escape observation, for every thing lost considerably in her opinion, by being compared to Nordia, which was a word continually used by her, and often offended, or at least piqued those that heard her. But had they understood her rightly, they would have known that Nordia had no other charms for her than that of Albert's being in it.

Her ministers wished, and advised her to insist on being established in her rights; she felt the propriety of their advice, but it was impossible for her to urge a step at present, which she knew would be attended with disagreeable consequences; but as her reasons were of such a nature as not to allow her to explain them, her reserve was thought to be want of confidence, which occasioned a disagreeable misunderstanding between them. This, and other rea-

sons of the same kind, made Hulm disagreeable to her; for although she loved her subjects, and respected her ministers, most of whom she knew were attached to her house from principle, yet the restraint she lived under was painful, and each day increased her dislike to Hulm, and her wish for Albert's society, which she would gladly have purchased at the expense, as she knew she could enjoy it no other way, of returning to the noisy tumultuous Nordia.

To do so was in her power whenever she pleased, but as she had fixed a time for her returning there, she thought by anticipating it, she should give her subjects pain; she therefore rather preferred doing violence to her inclination, and wait its arrival, and to amuse herself in the mean time as well as she could with her own reflections, and her sister's society, who was become almost her only companion. But fate had two of its usual freaks in store for her, which, by at first seeming to accelerate her wishes, removed the fruition

fruition of them to a greater distance than ever.

The beginning of March, Risa received a letter from Albert, in which he informed her of the time and place where Maximilian was to meet the recruits. She said nothing about it to her sister, but proposed to her their making a little tour to some mountains at no great distance from Hulm. Valeske was not surprised at the proposal, for she knew Risa's partiality to that solitary and romantic spot, and in the gloomy state of mind her sister was in, she would not have wondered if she had proposed traversing the deserts of Arabia by way of amusement. They set off, and the nearer they approached their place of destination, the more Risa's spirits increased. Valeske wondered at her unusual cheerfulness, which she could no way account for, when the carriage suddenly stopped, and she perceived Maximilian rushing from a cottage, coming towards them. Valeske was ready to faint, but love conquered her fright, and supported her till

she sunk into his arms. Whilst they were embracing each other, Risa was employed in turning over the leaves of Albert's pocket-book that Maximilian had thrown into her lap, as he entered the carriage; after anxiously looking over several, she found the following lines addressed to herself;

“MY DEAR RISA!

“COME to Nordia as soon as possible!
“I cannot, I dare not say why I desire
“you to do so, but I beg of you to hurry.
“Maximilian will tell you I am well.—I
“write this on horseback, the King is on
“one side of me, Hector on the other;
“the former thinks I am noting down
“something we have just been talking
“about; but I see by Hector's smile he
“guesses the truth, for he knows the Ma-
“jor is going to set off immediately, and
“that since his departure was fixed, I
“have not had a moment I could call my
“own. Adieu, dear Risa! you are im-
“patiently expected by your

“ALBERT.”

Risa's

Rifa's resolution of fulfilling Albert's wish was immediately fixed, and it would have outweighed every consideration prudence could have suggested, had she been certain he had no other motive for desiring it than that which every lover feels, impatience to see the object of their affections.

Maximilian turning from Valeske, pressed Rifa to his bosom, and lamented in the most violent terms, that the moments a soldier could bestow on love, were so very few, for that he, without an infringement on duty, could not devote another to them; and added, that had they not arrived at the moment they did, he should have missed the happiness of seeing them, for that his horses were saddled, and he was just going to set off, he having received the King's particular orders at the moment he left Nordia, to return with the greatest expedition. The recruits, he said, had marched the day before, and that he must ride as fast as possible to overtake them in time.

Valeske looked sorrowfully at him, and although she did not speak, her looks seemed to beg of him to delay his departure, and to steal some minutes from rigid duty, to offer to love.

"Compose yourself, Valeske," said Risa to her, "for in a few days we shall go to Nordia;" and again opening the pocket-book, she wrote in it, "I will be with you in five days at farthest," and returned it to Maximilian, who kissed her hand, thanked her for the pleasure her promise of soon returning to Nordia had given him, which enabled him to perform his duty, he said, without repining; he then embraced Valeske again, left the carriage, and mounting his horse, was out of sight in a moment.

Risa ordered the postillions to turn back, and to put up at the first town they came to, where she proposed to stay the night; they did so, and arrived at Hulm in good time the next day.

Every objection that was made, and difficulty that was started, were forced to give way to Albert's wish. Valeske gave

the orders, and made the necessary preparations for the journey, whilst Risa sent for Count Manilia, and informed him of her intention ; he shook his head, and endeavoured to prevail on her to alter, or at least defer her intention ; but he might as well have tried to change the wind. She thanked him for his attachment to her person, and recommended her subjects to his care, particularly desiring him not to suffer their being oppressed. He looked at her with wonder, and was just going to urge some more reasons, when Risa heard the carriage drive to the gate, pressed his hand, and calling to her sister who was in the next room, flew as quick as lightning down stairs, and got into it. They travelled day and night, and the swiftest post-horses were too slow for her wishes. The more she determined not to think of Albert's reasons for hurrying her return, the oftener the question, " what can be the motive for his desiring to see you ? " forced itself on her mind. Grieffenhorst was not much out of her way, she therefore determined to call there to fetch Sophia ; but

how was she surprized to find her in her riding-habit, waiting her arrival. On her inquiring how she came to be informed of her intention, she replied, "Casper told me some days ago, that you would come for me to-day." Rifa's wonder increased; she jumped out of the carriage, and ran to meet Casper, whom she saw coming towards her, followed by some servants carrying refreshments. "I only want to see you," said he, "I will not, nor do I wish to detain you."—"But do tell me," said Rifa, "what is the reason of Albert's desiring me to come to Nordia?"

Casper smiled and said, she must have patience till ten o'clock the next morning, "for till that time," added he, "no one dares to say what Arno's intentions are." His smile tranquillised her, and flattered the hope that love had before suggested; she partook of the offered refreshments, and left Grieffenhorst about a quarter of an hour after her arrival there.

The next morning as the clock was striking ten, they arrived at Nordia, but they

they observed with palpitating hearts, that the gates of the town were shut. "The "Landgravine of Hulm," called the outward sentry; "Pass!" was the answer, and the gates were opened. But who can paint their astonishment at what they saw and heard when they entered the town! they were almost stunned by the beating of drums and the sound of trumpets that echoed from the corner of every street; citizens and soldiers ran about, without seeming to know what they were doing, and either pale fear or strange joy were marked on each countenance. "Good "God!" said Rifa, with a groan, "these "are preparations for war."

Rifa was in the right, for Arno's enemies had prepared themselves with the utmost secrecy to attack him, as they hoped, unawares; but he had been apprized of their intentions, and was determined to retaliate on themselves their treacherous designs; but no person was informed of his intention except his eldest generals, Casper, Hector, and Albert, and their secrecy could be depended on. His army
he

he knew to be complete, and so well disciplined, as to be able to meet the enemy on the shortest notice: few preparations were therefore necessary, and as the clock struck ten that morning, the garrison received orders to march early the next.—Arno had appeared on the parade with his usual composure; and as soon as the clock had done striking, he pulled off his hat, and said, “Friends and comrades, by this time to-morrow morning, if it pleases God, we shall be on our march, to punish a faithless and a cruel enemy; and may the Lord of Hosts be our assistant!” The town-gates were ordered to be kept shut, and to prevent the enemy’s receiving any information of what was intended to be done, no person was permitted to leave the town; and so great and successful were the precautions that were used, that the enemy’s country was overflowed with Arno’s legions, before they had formed a battalion.

But how painful was the perspective that presented itself to the amiable sisters, who had so fondly cherished the hope, that
their

their lovers society would repay them for the pain of absence—how cruelly were they disappointed! for they had reason to fear that their separation would prove an eternal one. But Rifa was deserving of a hero's love; for although her feelings were at first as acute as her sister's, and her pale cheek and trembling limbs shewed the conflict that passed in her heart; yet, before they reached her palace, she was composed enough to comfort her afflicted sister.—

“Let us remember, Valeske,” said she, with dignity, “That we are Theffalo's daughters, who was forced to march against Arno's enemies on the day his nuptials were celebrated. Our lovers are likewise heroes, and shall we repine, because their country calls them from us?”

Valeske received but little consolation from her sister's words, nor could she reconcile herself to the idea of so cruel a separation. She looked at Rifa, and the tears trickled down her cheeks. “Weep not,” said Rifa, with a forced smile, “for it cannot be altered; war is the soldier's destination, but this we forget, when our country

“country enjoys the blessings of peace.
“When the statesman indolently reclined
“on his couch, is forming plans for the
“public good; and the farmer, knowing
“the fruits of harvest will be his, is care-
“lessly whistling behind his team, then
“does the idle warrior fold the girl he loves
“to his heart, and throwing his finewy arms
“round her neck, assures her of his con-
“stant love—and she, finding herself
“happy in the possession of all she holds
“dear, thinks the fleeting moments she
“now enjoys will prove an eternity. But
“how soon does she find herself mistaken;
“the hostile trumpet sounds—duty calls,
“and the arm that before encircled her
“neck, now wields a sword—her hero
“marches to punish a rapacious foe, and
“returns to lay his laurels at her feet.”—
“But many,” said Valeske, with a sigh,
“never return.”—“Many,” replied Rifa,
“die in their beds; and should they not
“return, you know we are certain of meet-
“ing them on the other side the grave.”

The carriage stopped at Rifa's palace,
she jumped out, and assisting her trembling
sister

sister in alighting, welcomed her to Nordia: as she was speaking, she saw a troop of horsemen galloping down the street, and the foremost of them, as he passed, without stopping, said, "Welcome to Nordia. Look! look! Valeske," said Risa, "that is he." Valeske looked up, but he was out of sight before she could fix her eyes on him. "I wonder," said Risa, with a sigh, "if this welcome is likewise to be our farewell!" But it was not, for towards evening, when they had almost given over all hopes of seeing their lovers, Maximilian arrived, and brought the pleasing information to Risa, that his Colonel would soon have the honour of paying his respects to her.

The sight of her lover made Valeske's tears flow afresh, and vain were her attempts to restrain them; for the pleasure of meeting was too closely connected with the pain of parting, for her to receive any consolation from it. She had promised Risa to follow her example, and at least to assume the appearance of cheerfulness; but to command it was an effort surpassing her power.

power. Maximilian endeavoured to comfort his weeping fair; he reasoned with so much energy and coolness, that Risa could hardly help smiling, at a young man of two and twenty talking with the stoicism of a philosopher, and the courage of a veteran. "But I must leave you, ladies," said he, after sitting with them some time, "to make room for my Colonel, who will be impatient at my keeping him from you so long; one of us must be on duty, and we have agreed on relieving each other."—"I hope you will admire Albert's gallantry and politeness," said Risa, with a smile, to her sister; "for it was in his power to come first, but he deferred doing so, to give you pleasure. Pray tell him, my dear Maximilian, that in this respect, he exceeds the duties of christianity, which only requires of us to love our neighbour as well as ourselves, not better. Now go, and send Albert, and when he has been here as long as you have, I will give Valefke leave to send him away."

He

He went, and Albert soon arrived. He was both surprised and delighted at the cheerfulness Rifa's countenance expressed, as she flew across the room into his arms; and, with a smile, said, "Success to Albert!" He looked at her with inimitable tenderness, and said, "Dearest, best of women! is it possible that you have strength of mind and delicacy enough to suppress your own feelings not to wound mine; and that you have power to encourage me to do my duty, at a time when almost every other female is dissolved in tears; and giving pain to the heart that loves them, by their useless lamentations. I almost lament, that my love does not admit of increase, if it did, the superiority of your conduct would add to it; but you have long possessed my whole heart—I only wish it was more deserving of you." Rifa pointed to his finger, on which was the ring she had given him, with her father's portrait. "I understand you," continued he, "yes, I will endeavour to imitate Theffalo's virtues, and by doing so, hope in time, to deserve his daughter's love; and

“and that I at least possess one of them,
“Arno’s enemies shall feel.”—“I was ac-
“quainted with your profession,” replied
Rifa, “when I gave you my heart; and
“every time I saw you, your uniform told
“me, that you would be called from my
“arms some time or other, into the hostile
“field. Your country has prior claims to
“you than I have, and I am thankful for
“the peace we have so long enjoyed, which
“by enabling you to bestow so many hours
“on me, has given me an opportunity of
“being fully acquainted with your worth.
“Your country now calls you from me,
“and I resign you; may you return to
“my arms, crowned with honour and suc-
“cess.”

She then presented Valeske to him, and
• he, knowing she was Rifa’s sister, forgot
at that moment she was a Princess, em-
braced, and pressed her with warmth to
his bosom. Valeske blushed, and won-
dered how it was possible to be so familiar,
and take such liberties at first sight. Al-
bert perceiving the recent traces of sorrow
still visible on her face, said, with a smile,
“I must

"I must allow my Major to be a man of
 "taste, as well as myself; but, Princess,
 "you must neither deprive him of his
 "head nor heart, at present. But what
 "need I say so to you, are you not Risa's
 "sister! and (shewing her the ring) Thef-
 "salo's daughter!"—"My father's pic-
 "ture!" said Valeske, and the tears rolled
 down her cheek, as she spoke.—"Let me
 "banish the gloom that clouds this lovely
 "brow," said Albert, and he passed his
 hand across her forehead as he spoke;
 "Your Maximilian will return, and when
 "he does, what pleasure will the grate-
 "ful applause, with which he will be re-
 "ceived by his country, give you; you
 "will be certain it is a tribute paid to his
 "worth; he will then be esteemed for
 "himself, and that will give him more
 "weight in Nordia, than his being born a
 "Prince."

Valeske. "I am ashamed of my weak-
 "ness, Colonel, and assure you I will do
 "all in my power to conquer it; and hope
 "to succeed so well, that in a little time
 "you will not be able to distinguish me
 "from my sister."

Albert.

Albert. (laughing) "Yes I shall; for
" your hair is auburn, and her's is flaxen;
" you only reach to my shoulder, and she
" to my neck—look, Princess, I can kiss
" her without stooping, much—lovely,
" amiable sisters!" (clasping them both in
his arms.)

Risa. "I beg, Valeske, you will try to
" get rid of your dismal looks before Maxi-
" milian comes; they do not become you
" at all. You shall hear how exultingly I
" will say at court to-morrow, Albert is
" gone to defend his country."

Albert. "And what pleasure will the
" thought, that Risa did not shed a tear
" when we parted, give me."

Buxar called to inquire for Albert, the
Landgravine desired he might come in—he
did so, with a large sabre under his arm,
the blade of which was almost as broad as
his hand. "Is it finished?" said Albert,
as he entered.—"Yes, Sir," replied he,
at the same time scraping his foot, and
bowing, in his usual awkward manner, to
the Landgravine; and shewing, by his
gestures,

gestures, how glad he was to see her.—
 “Yes, Sir, it is finished, and an excellent one it is; (drawing the sabre, and brandishing it about) woe be to him on whom it falls—look, Sir, what a beautiful damaskeen blade it has; you may say what you will to the contrary, but I am sure it is the same my old master brought with him from Hungary—hark! how it sings (flourishing it) look, I have had a basket put to the handle, to cover your hand, and I have had it made less, it was too large for you before; but I hope there is room enough for your fingers to play—and here——”

Albert. “Very well, lay it on the couch, and when you come this way again, bring my cuirass with you; for I intend to beg of you (taking Rifa’s hand) to buckle it on for me, as I know Valeske will Maximilian’s.”

Buxar. “And what other orders have you to give me, for I suppose you will not come home to-night?”

Albert. “You have a vast deal of penetration—the Infantry have orders to
 “ march

“ march as soon as it is quite dark, and do
 “ you take care that my baggage goes with
 “ the Prince's. At twelve Thurneisen's
 “ light-horse go, and at two Wastensel's
 “ dragoons; and as they march, my horses
 “ must be here, for the King will be
 “ mounted by break of day, and we go
 “ with him; that is (smiling) if we do
 “ not over-sleep ourselves.”

Buxar. “ I will take care to be here in
 “ time; but the brown mare?”

Albert. “ Is to remain here.”

Buxar. “ But your coach-horses, and the
 “ two colts, and your parrot, and canary
 “ birds, what am I to do with them?”

Albert. (impatiently) “ The devil take
 “ your questions and your cares—pack up
 “ what I want, and when you have done,
 “ lock the doors and bring the keys to the
 “ Landgravine, she will have the good-
 “ ness to give orders that care is taken of
 “ what remains—what else do you want?”

Buxar. “ Nothing at present.

Rifa. “ And so Buxar, you likewise in-
 “ tend going—I think, Colonel, you had
 “ better leave him with me.

“ I humbly

“ I humbly thank your Highness,” replied he, “ but I beg to be excused; I must go once more—I shall often think of your goodness to me, and miss your wine-cellar; but war is Buxar’s element.”—“ Wait a moment,” said Albert to Buxar, who had opened the door, and was just going to leave the room; “ I cannot (taking Rifa’s hand) determine to leave you so soon; and yet poor Maximilian, how impatient will he be. Buxar (after a pause) go as fast as you can to St. Mary’s Square, and tell Prince Maximilian to give the command to Hasenfest, and come to me immediately. Let our enemies say, that Arno’s warriors devoted their hours to love, we will shew them to-morrow, that we are not afraid to meet them.”

Buxar went, and Valeske, who was almost dissolved in tears, threw herself into her sister’s arms, and hid her face on her bosom. Albert took off his sword, and laying it on the table, said, “ Rest for a while; if I do not deceive myself, our campaign will be short; for our break-

“ing into the enemy’s countries so unex-
“pectedly, and at four different places,
“gives us the most evident advantages. It
“is impossible that our intentions can be
“known, for they have been kept so se-
“cret, that no treacherous spy could dis-
“close them; therefore, dear Valeske, and
“beloved Risa, you may soon expect to
“see us again; depend on it our absence
“will be but short.”

Albert was thus employed in comforting his fair and afflicted companions, when Maximilian entered. Valeske stifled her sighs as well as she could, and received him with a forced smile. Maximilian looked at Albert, thinking by his sending for him in such a hurry he had some orders of consequence to give, and had therefore brought a subaltern officer with him. Albert sent word by him, to Major Hasenfest, that he desired he would punctually attend to his former orders, and if any thing unforeseen should happen, to inform him of it. He then returned to the company, and desired the Prince to lay down his hat, and
take

take off his sword, and think himself at home for the night.

At its approach, the noise and bustle there had been in the town the whole day, became more loud and violent. The troops were parading up and down the streets; their heavy footsteps, the trampling and neighing of the horses, and the distant sound of martial music, which was accompanied by the sobs and sighs of females and children, occasioned a hurry and confusion that surpasses description. It might, perhaps, be a glorious scene to an uninterested spectator, but each repeated sound was a dagger to the hearts of those who were going to lose a parent, husband, lover, or friend. It was even more than Risa's spirits could support, which Albert perceiving, proposed their going to a back room, that looked into the garden. Every endeavour to comfort Valeske was vain, and each attempt of Maximilian's to administer the cheering balm to her, produced a fresh gush of tears. Albert and Risa thought they had a thousand things to say to each other, but their discourse ended as it began,

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with

with assurances of their love; and too swiftly did the winged moments fly for their wishes.

Supper was brought in, but it remained untouched, and the spirit of the wine evaporated by standing in the glass. Sophia endeavoured to prevail on them to take some refreshments, but they were too much taken up with other objects to think of eating. Their attention was however soon roused; for as the clock struck twelve their ears were assailed with the (to them) discordant sounds of the beating of drums, and sounding of trumpets; and "March! march!" that was echoed by a thousand voices in the streets, where the bustle and tumult increased. Risa turned pale and trembled. "This does not concern us," said Albert; "it is the light-horse who have orders to march some hours before the rest, that we may not be in each other's way on the road." He went to the side-board and drank a glass of wine, and after looking at the glass, said to Risa, in a jocular manner, "What happy effects your wine and Arno's trumpet have had on
"me;

“ me ; for without their aid I fear I should
 “ have dwindled into a fighting Corydon.
 “ Major (continued he) let me advise you
 “ to eat and drink, for remember, you
 “ must neither expect rest, nor refreshment,
 “ till the next setting sun.” Maximilian
 followed his advice, and the ladies, whose
 minds were a little relieved by the tempo-
 rary respite, accepted the wine their lovers
 offered them, and pushing their glasses to-
 gether, drank to their safe return. Risa,
 and her sister, resolved to behave with
 more fortitude ; and they assured their lo-
 vers, they would try to part with them
 with composure. Valeske, however, pro-
 mised more than she was able to perform ;
 but she was not the first female, who, in
 the hour of safety, depended too much on
 her own strength, and found herself de-
 serted by it in the time of need.

The night was calm and serene ; the moon
 shone with uncommon brightness, which
 induced the ladies to propose taking a walk
 in the garden ; not that they wished to
 contemplate the beauty, or pay their devo-
 tions to their favourite orb : no, they knew

they should have leisure enough to offer their respects to it afterwards.

I am unacquainted with their reasons for wishing to walk, but am apt to think they felt themselves incapable of keeping their recent promise, and not chusing to have their weakness known, thought they could conceal it better by Cynthia's pale beams, than in a room illuminated by wax candles. But short was the respite they enjoyed; for they had hardly taken a turn, and the first article in the first chapter of love was not finished, when they heard the second trumpet sound, and the horses snorting at the gate. "It is not near day-light yet," said Valeske, with a trembling voice. Risa walked towards the house, without saying a word. Albert drank another glass of wine, and Risa's eyes were employed in watching Buxar, who was fastening an iron covering on Albert's hat: the sight of it made her tremble; for she thought it but a poor defence for a life on which her happiness depended. Valeske, pale as death, and trembling like an aspen leaf, stood like the statue of despair, looking at

Maxi-

Maximilian, who was giving some orders to his servant; and the silence that had reigned some moments, would in all probability have continued some time longer, if it had not been interrupted by Buxar's saying, "The King is up; he has ordered his post-chaise to go on to Illingen, and wait for him there."—"Then!" said Albert, "we must make haste, for he is not long dressing." Buxar told him he need not be uneasy, for Major Hasenfest would send word as soon as the guard was beginning to assemble in the court-yard. "I hope you remember your promise," said Albert to Risa, presenting the cuirass to her. She, with difficulty lifted the heavy machine, which she, however, with Buxar's assistance, buckled on. He then went to Valeske, who was engaged in the same occupation with Maximilian: she insisted that half the cuirass was wanting, as there was nothing to secure the back. He laughed and said, "he only intended to shew his face to the enemy, and that those who turned their backs on them, were unworthy of such a safeguard."

The whole afforded a melancholy scene; for who could see unmoved, those two charming Princesses, who deserved all the peace and happiness the world could bestow, employed in the painful task of arming their lovers for battle? it even affected Buxar, he looked at them with a stupid stare, as if he did not know whether he should laugh or cry. Albert buckled on his broad sabre, and put the sword he usually wore, into the case of a musical clock there was in the room. "Remain there," said he, "and when Risa winds up this clock, the sight of my sword will remind her of me."—"Then I shall think on you once a month," said she. Albert smiled. Maximilian and Buxar were ready to depart, but Albert had no inclination to go so soon. "Lay the reins on the horses necks, Buxar," said he, "we will remain here till the trumpet sounds, for what can make us amends for a moment lost here." Buxar kissed the Landgravine's and Valeske's hand, and went, accompanied by their good wishes. Albert seated himself on the couch, as did Risa by him;

him; when, throwing his arm round her waist, he said, "This, Major, is the happiest moment of our lives; thus will we wait for the last summons—we have nothing left to do, but say farewell!"

Sophia stood at the window; her heart was ready to break; for the departure of her friends recalled to her mind the anguish she felt the fatal night that separated her from Herman: and as the approach of day dimmed the brightness of the moon, its departing rays were reflected by her tears. Her attention was awakened by a horseman, galloping furiously down the street. "A-ha!" said Buxar, and at that moment the trumpet sounded. "Farewell, Rifa, Valeske, Sophia, farewell!" said the heroes, jumping up as they spoke. Maximilian had the pain of leaving Valeske in almost a state of insensibility on the couch.—"I shall soon see you again," said Rifa. Albert was surprised. "You know," continued she, "that it is proper for me to take leave of the King, Hector, and my regiment; my horse is saddled, and every thing prepared for my doing so. I shall

“ meet you near the fortrefs, then I fhall
 “ at leaft have the happinefs of preffing
 “ your hand again—and now, Albert
 “ (throwing herfelf into his arms) fare-
 “ well !”

“ Farewell!—farewell, Rifa ! Albert !
 “ Sophia !—Maximilian, farewell !” was
 again repeated by every one, as they hurried
 towards the door. “ Maximilian !
 “ dear Maximilian ! only another word,”
 faid Valeske, with a feeble voice, following
 the reft : but they did not hear her, for
 both he and Albert were out of fight before
 ſhe gained the door. Rifa defired Sophia
 to take care of her fifter, and ran to
 her room as faft as ſhe could, to alter her
 drefs.

Valeske was, with difficulty, led to her
 apartment, which ſhe no ſooner entered,
 than ſhe fainted.

As ſoon as the day began to dawn, Arno
 rode to the plain where his troops were af-
 ſembled. He ſaluted them with affection,
 and each countenance expreffed courage
 and fatisfaction. Arno took off his hat,
 and

and ordered a morning hymn to be sung before they began to march. Nothing could equal the solemnity of the scene, which was increased by the devotion of the aged monarch, who seemed to implore that assistance from Heaven, the justice of his cause gave him a right to expect. "Who is that?" said Arno, looking through his optic glass; "I believe it is the Landgrave herself, that is riding towards us."—"Yes," replied Albert, "she told me she intended to take leave of your Majesty and her regiment this morning."—"Look how she is galloping!" said Arno: "it is a pity she is not a Prince." But Arno spoke without thinking; for as he had no daughters, the wished-for union of the two countries could then never have taken place. Risa saluted the King, Hector, and the officers with the utmost composure, and begged permission of the former to ride a little way with him. Arno was pleased at the attention she shewed him, and kept his eyes continually fixed on her. "You ride like a hussar, Risa," said he: "I think you had better go with us, and undertake the

“command of your regiment yourself.”—
“If I thought the strength of my arm equal
“to the courage that fills my heart,” replied she, “I would lead them to the posts
“of the greatest danger.”—“But I am
“afraid you would leave them there,” said Arno: “your care would be so much employed on the dead and wounded, that I
“believe the enemy would have an easy
“conquest of the living.” They laughed a good deal at the idea of the Landgravine’s making a campaign with them, and some old officers said, “Now we have your
“Highness, we will keep you.”

Arno watched her every motion, and the turn of her eye, with the utmost attention, thinking thereby to discover the situation of her heart; but both she and Albert were as composed, as if their hearts had no share in their approaching separation. Arno did not know what to make of their behaviour on this trying occasion, which by no means corresponded with his own observations, the hints the courtiers were continually giving him, and Albert’s own confession—he

he shook his head, and owned it was a riddle to him.

They soon arrived at a place where the road led different ways, and where the regiments were to separate; several officers, therefore, took leave of Arno, to join their respective corps; among the rest, Albert. How was every eye fixed on him, when he rode up to the King, and asked him if he had any other commands to honour him with?—"None," replied he, "but to desire you to continue to me your love and attachment." Albert bowed, and took leave of Hector, and several of his friends. He kissed Risa's hand, and the gentle pressure of her fingers was more eloquent to him than words; but as it was a language he only understood, it remained a secret to the company. Risa joined the King, who had advanced a few paces, as Albert turned his horse to take the contrary road. Arno again gave him his hand, and his eye expressed more than friendship—it was parental tenderness that beamed from it; for although policy, and the love of conquest frequently blunted Arno's feelings, yet there
were

were moments that humanity, and every gentle sensation predominated in his heart; and such a one was the present. He felt the violence Rifa must do to her feelings, to assume the appearance of tranquillity, at a time he knew her heart must be rent by the violence of contending passions; and had Arno acted as inclination then suggested him to do, he would have rewarded her fortitude by the assurance, that at their return, Albert's hand should be her's.—“You are a heroine, Rifa,” said he, “and ———” but too fleeting were the sensations that tenderness inspired, to allow him to finish his sentence, which in all probability had he done, would have been an encouragement to her hopes; but rather than say too much, he broke off abruptly, and finished by assuring her of his friendship and affection. He lamented that he had not been able to see, and welcome her sister to Nordia; but desired her to do so in his name, and hoped they would look on his palace as their home, during his absence; and by no means to think of quitting Nordia till he returned.—

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He added a number of other things equally kind and polite, which most likely he would not have thought on, had he not been affected by the nobleness of her and Albert's proceedings, and the King wished to pay the debt the father owed.

Rifa was so penetrated by Arno's kindness, that she promised whatever he desired. She told him she would accept of his invitation, and remain in Nordia, if her doing so would give him pleasure; but hoped he would permit her sometimes to visit Casper for a few days. Every thing was settled to their mutual satisfaction, and her stay was determined on, although but a few hours before, it was her fixed resolution to return to Hulm in three days. But in this respect, as in many others, she sacrificed her own inclination to the wish of obliging others: for nothing could be so disagreeable to her, as the thought of remaining in Nordia without Albert—but her word was given.

They had gained a rising ground, which presented Nordia, for the last time, to their view. Arno turned to take leave of it,
and

and Risa thought this would be the best time to do so of him; for she felt the impression she had made on his mind, and wished it to be lasting. Arno embraced her with the greatest tenderness, and frequently called her his daughter, his dear daughter. He parted from her with reluctance, and followed her with his eyes, till she was out of sight; for he really loved her. Risa galloped down the hill, and then looked back, but Arno was no longer to be seen: the reins dropped out of her hand, and she felt her courage beginning to forsake her—her eyes were intensely fixed on her saddle, and a tear twinkled in them, when suddenly recollecting herself, she looked at Albert's picture, which she thought seemed to reproach her want of fortitude. "Yes, Albert," said she, "I will deserve your love, by willingly sharing you with your country." The cloud dispersed—her mind was relieved, and she galloped back to Nordia, apparently in as good spirits, as if she expected Albert to meet her there.

Valeske, although better, was by no means recovered when her sister returned; for her terrified imagination was continually conjuring up the most frightful phantoms to torment her—sometimes she fancied she saw her lover overpowered by numbers, anxiously calling to Albert for assistance; at other times she thought she saw him carried out of the lines by the soldiers, covered with blood and wounds: in short, the most horrid ideas were ever present to her mind. Sophia did what she could to comfort her; but poor is the consolation they can bestow, who themselves feel the agony of despair. Sophia knew Herman was in the service of that power against whom Arno was going to war; and she shuddered at the thought of what would be the consequence should he and Albert, or Maximilian meet; their courage she knew to be equal; but what advantages would the animating hope, that by distinguishing themselves in the service of their country, they should deserve, and perhaps be rewarded, with the object of their affections, give the latter over Herman, who,
worn

worn by disappointments and misfortunes, would probably seek, in an honourable death, a cure for all his woes. Sophia had enough to do to keep herself from sinking under the load of such accumulated sorrows.

Towards noon, Valeske became more composed, and a gentle slumber relieved Risa's fears on her account; for a fever and delirium was what she apprehended, which would have been extremely painful to her, as the whole town would have guessed the cause of it. As soon as her uneasiness on Valeske's account was removed, and she had taken a little rest, she dressed and drove to court, to wait on the two Princesses (Arno's nieces) and the Duchess d'Iffidore, who she knew would suppose her to be in despair on Albert's account.

She was happy to have it in her power to convince them of their mistake: her sister's not being with her did not need an excuse, for she had used the precaution the day before, when she announced her arrival to them, to say, Valeske was indisposed. She had guessed right, for great
was

was the wonder the ladies faces expressed as she entered, which increased when they found her so calm, so cheerful, they could no ways account for so strange a phenomenon.

War was the topic of their conversation; she spoke of it with the greatest coolness, saying it was the soldier's business. She said she had buckled on Albert's cuirass that morning, and laughed at her awkwardness in doing it: she likewise added, that she had ridden part of the way with the King, and had taken leave of her Colonel, and the rest of the officers, at the spot she described.

Various were the conjectures that were formed while she was speaking; some thought that absence had weakened her love; others, that she had never loved Albert, and the appearance of it was only a mask to cover some other design; and another set, who fancied themselves the wisest, pretended to discover, that Arno's intention of going to war was only a pretence, and that by shewing the world he was in readiness to do so, he should keep his enemies
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in awe; and that there was no doubt of his and the army's returning in a few days, without having drawn a sword.

Ridiculous as the idea may seem, yet I can assure my readers, that the last conjecture gained ground; for there were many who would sooner have believed, that Arno's wits were totally eclipsed, than that Risa could act in the manner she did, without some reason. So far they guessed right, for she had reasons, and solid ones; they consisted in the power her judgment had over her passions, which enabled her to bear the evils that beset her without repining, and not to mistake imaginary for real ones.

But let us leave court, for except Risa's not a cheerful face is to be seen there; nor do I know where to look for any. I think I hear you inquire, what is become of Albert's enemies? they still existed, and were as numerous as ever; but their former songs of triumph were now turned to lamentations, for they knew the power he had over the King; and now there were
none

none to oppose him, they did not doubt of its increasing, and that he would become of consequence enough to make his own terms, which would, doubtless, be Rifa's hand and possessions. To have seen her afflicted and unhappy, would have afforded them some comfort, but her cheerfulness disarmed their malice, and the envenomed shafts that were directed to her, recoiled, and wounded their own bosoms. Wherever I look, a pale face and discontented appearance meets my eye; I will, therefore, return to Rifa, who, although she could not always suppress the rising sigh, nor the tear that fell in secret, still retained so much power over her heart, as not to let sorrow predominate. Reason was her handmaid, and with her assistance she shook off the dismal thoughts that sometimes assailed her, with as much ease as a deer bounds over toads and serpents.

The once gay and dissipated Nordia was now become a very Trophonius's cave; a stop was put to every kind of amusement, pleasure and joy were banished from it, and succeeded by gloom and discontent. Rifa, perhaps,

perhaps, to divert her own thoughts, determined to change the dullness that reigned, into gaiety; her palace, therefore, became the temple of pleasure, and she the goddess that presided in it. Balls, concerts, assemblies, and suppers, now varied alternately; and in the lofty halls, that were formerly dedicated, by the late Duke de Neiderheim, to scientific, perhaps cabalistic studies, now stood the festive board, and care-dispelling card-table.

Once, as Rifa was writing to the King, she added the following lines:—"It is
"impossible to describe, how dismal your
"Nordia has been since you left it—no one
"seemed to have any confidence either in
"Heaven or you. Sleep was the only happiness that was enjoyed, and Somnus the
"only deity that was invoked. I could not
"divest myself of the idea, that the gloom
"that reigned, seemed to imply a doubt of
"your success; and that was insupportable
"to me. I have, therefore, taken the liberty, in your absence, to become the
"promoter of pleasure—tell me if I have
"done right; and where I only perceive
"a spark

"a spark of cheerfulness, I fan it till it becomes a blaze."

Arno was so delighted with her letter, that he made her a present of an elegant service of plate. But he could easily make magnificent presents, for the success of his arms were so rapid, that almost each day added to his possessions.

Albert was in the right when he said, the present campaign would be short: but it was sooner concluded, than even he expected. Arno's design of taking the enemy by surprise had entirely succeeded; for previous to his marching against him, during the time the preparations for war had been making, he had deceived his vigilance, by seeming to direct his hostile intentions against another power. The enemy was duped, and secretly rejoiced at the favourable opportunity he should have, when Arno's power was weakened, of marching into his country, and, perhaps, placing his standard at the gates of Nordia. But art counteracted art, and Arno's forces had taken several of his frontier towns without meeting with any resistance, and
was

was marching into the heart of his country, before he was in a state to offer him any. Here, however, they were opposed—the enemy fought with the fury of despair, and many of Arno's warriors felt, how the arm of him was steeled, who fights to defend his native home, family, and religion.—But their attempts to cope with an enemy superior to them in numbers, and flushed with conquest, proved unsuccessful; and they, after two unfortunate battles, were forced to agree to the terms of peace Arno offered; but which were so oppressive, that it was impossible to prove lasting. Those that were Arno's real friends, advised him to be more reasonable in his demands, and that by settling the terms of peace in a more equitable manner, he would ensure its duration. But vain were entreaties, and useless advice, to a conqueror in the full career of his glory: he insisted, that by crushing his hereditary enemy now he was in his power, he should ensure to himself, and his successor, uninterrupted tranquillity. But Arno forgot, that a spring when violently compressed, always makes a violent

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lent effort to release itself before it snaps, and of the justice of the observation he himself was a living example ; for at the time when overpowered by numbers, and on the very brink of ruin, his country, life, and all was at stake, he was saved by a last attempt ; when urged by despair, he was determined to lose, or gain every thing. But these reflections, and the consideration of the lives he should save, were outweighed by the present advantages, and the ambition of the conqueror silenced the wisdom of the statesman.

The scandaloustreaty of peace which necessity obliged the enemy to sign, made them irreconcilable ; and an unprejudiced eye might plainly discern, by the indifference with which they accepted the offered conditions, that they only did it to gain time and opportunity to revenge the injuries it was impossible to forgive.

Although Albert was averse to the terms of peace, he had contributed much towards it ; for before the last battle which proved decisive, the enemies position was extremely advantageous, they being se-

cured by a fortification that art and nature had rendered inaccessible. Various were the arts that Arno tried, either to force or lure them to a battle ; secure within their entrenchments, they laughed at his attempts, till Arno's patience was almost exhausted.

One night, the darkness of which inspired Albert with the bold but hazardous design to attempt a *coup*, which, if he succeeded in, he knew, would give them the most evident advantages. With forced marches, through pathless roads, he, and a few divisions of light horse, gained the back of the enemies camp, and set fire to their principal magazines and store-houses, which communicating to the rest, consumed the greatest part of their provisions, and the only alternative they now had, was to perish by hunger in their entrenchments, or to remove from them and hazard a battle. They chose the latter.

Albert returned to the camp without the loss of a single man. Arno was astonished at his intrepidity, which he commended in the terms it deserved ; and after
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the last action, in which Albert distinguished himself, as well by his personal courage, as by the excellent disposition of his regiment, Arno publicly thanked him for his brave conduct, and promoted him to the rank of Lieutenant-general.

It was in this battle (that happened on a rainy Sunday) that Albert received ample satisfaction from the Colonel who had once offended him at Nordia, by the sarcastic remarks he made on his regiment. He, with some divisions of it, had forced the lines of the enemies infantry, which were thrown thereby into the greatest confusion. Albert perceiving a regiment of horse coming to their assistance, turned to meet them, and giving the word to his cuirassiers, they attacked them, with such irresistible force, that the enemy was overpowered, and forced to surrender themselves prisoners; amongst the rest was the before-mentioned colonel. As soon as Albert recollected him he said, with a smile, "We now meet in bad weather, Colonel, and I hope you have altered the opinion you formerly entertained of my regiment."

“—You have forced me to do so,” replied he; “we must acknowledge you to be our masters.”

He was soon after obliged to own their superiority in another respect, for on his offering the soldier who had taken him prisoner, his two watches, and a ring of value, he, with a generosity of sentiment worthy of a *Briton*, nobly refused them, and only took his sword; and when he afterwards pressed his purse into his hand, and desired him at least to take that, he returned it and said, “it was not gold, but honour he fought for.”

But an envious demon still seemed to preside in Nordia; for although the news was just arrived there that Arno and his victorious army would return as soon as the preliminaries of peace were settled, yet the same gloom and discontent that appeared on many a female face, when their lovers and husbands left them, was still visible. How is it possible that such different causes can produce the same effects? The reason is, that many of them had provided them-

themselves with a sympathizing friend to comfort them in the lonely hours of absence; and they now feared his dear life might be endangered by the savage warrior calling him to account for robbing him of a heart he thought he had a right to call his own, whilst his life was exposed for the good of his country.

Rifa was the first that received the welcome news of peace; and as a number of letters came inclosed in her packet, she sent to invite the ladies to whom they were addressed, as well as those whose lovers and husbands were in the army, to a concert that evening.

The company arrived, the concert began, and after the symphony, a soul-moving *adagio* was played, which, by occasioning a pleasing melancholy, she thought would render their minds more susceptible of joyful impressions. As soon as the music ceased, "Joy! joy! ladies," said she, "we are again blessed with "peace," and distributed the letters as she spoke. She waved her handkerchief, and the hall resounded with the joyful

found of the trumpets, clarionets, and kettle drums. But, Heaven ! how was Risa surprised, when instead of the tear of pleasure and thankfulness that she expected to see glisten in each eye, she too plainly perceived the marks of disappointment and vexation, visible on many countenances. Some few eagerly tore open their letters, and read the pleasing confirmation of Risa's account ; but many slipped them unperceived into their pockets, as if they were afraid of offending their new lovers by wasting a thought on their former ones. " Cease !" said Risa to the musicians, and biting her lips with anger, left the room.

The disagreeable discovery Risa made, entirely put a stop to the entertainment she had proposed giving on the happy occasion, and not a single fête was either given by her, or any other person ; and the nearer the time of the garrisons return approached, the duller Nordia became. Had Risa been better acquainted with the manners of the fashionable world, her surprise would have been less than it was ;
but

but she judged of others by herself. Even although deprived of amusements, she and her sister enjoyed a satisfaction much purer than any that could have resulted from them ; in indulging the pleasing hope of soon again beholding the objects of their affections, and anticipating the moment of their return.

Their hopes and wishes were soon fulfilled, for before the autumnal blasts had robbed the trees of their leafy beauty, did Nordia's walls resound with the joyful acclamations of Arno's victorious troops. Albert did not return with the King, for business of consequence detained him some days on the frontiers ; but Risa had the pleasure of hearing the praise and commendation that Arno bestowed on him, when she met him, nearly in the same place where she left him in the spring. He, without her inquiring, assured her, that Albert was well, and that he was greatly indebted to him for his success, and assured her it was impossible for him sufficiently to commend, or reward his conduct and courage. How grateful to

her ears was the sound of his praise; it enabled her to bear without repining the disappointment his absence gave her, and cheerfully to partake of the general joy.

Public festivities were delayed till Albert's return, "for I should enjoy them but half," said Arno, "if he who contributed so much towards our glorious peace, did not share them with me."

Valeske enjoyed the pleasure that was denied her sister, for Maximilian returned with the King, and was advanced to the rank of Colonel in Risa's regiment. Albert arrived two days sooner than he was expected, for he had by some means heard that his return was to be celebrated in a manner his modesty forbade him to think he deserved; to avoid it, therefore, he gave the command of the division that was with him to Hafenfest, and rode to Nordia with no other attendant than Buxar. It was dark when he arrived, and when the report was brought to the King that General de Nordenschild had just entered the town, he was himself with him, giving
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an account of the charge he had been entrusted with.

Arno chid him for returning in so private a manner, and told him of the honours that were intended being shewn him, adding, that as they were honours he so well deserved, he was sorry he had not received them. Albert informed him, that to avoid them was the reason he hastened his return, and that the approbation of his Monarch was the greatest, as well as the only honour he desired. "Be-
 "fides," continued he, with his usual frankness, "I do not find much cause for
 "rejoicing at the peace we have just con-
 "cluded."—"But I do," said Arno, "for
 "we have bound the old fox so fast, that
 "he will not be able to move for some
 "time."—"Fast enough, I allow," re-
 "plied Albert, "but his chain is so short,
 "that I fear he will burst it. I watched
 "every turn of his countenance as he
 "signed the treaty, and the smile of con-
 "tempt with which he did it, assures me
 "there is no danger of our swords rusting
 "in their scabbards."—"You will grow

"just as hypochondriac as old Casper," said Arno, with a smile, "but I hope my wine will put you into better spirits—or, perhaps, you are fatigued, and will prefer going home."

Albert understood the meaning of Arno's smile, and left him; but if I was to try to impose on my readers, by telling them he went home, and to bed, none of them would believe me, but without my information follow him to Rifa's palace.

Every one was busily employed there in preparing a kind of triumphal arch, through which he was to be led when he returned. The design was entirely Rifa's, and the ornaments were finished by her direction. The arch was placed in the great saloon, which was decorated in a manner to represent a temple of fame. In different parts of it there were transparent paintings placed, that had a beautiful effect; one represented Mars crowned with laurel and roses, indolently reclined on his glittering trophies; another, a lovely female twining a civic crown, and others strewing incense on the altar of peace. The arch was

placed at the furthest end of the room, and over it was a flying figure of Fame. The decorations were just finished, and Risa ordered the room to be illuminated to try what effect it would have. "Charming! charming!" said she, clasping her hands. "O, Valeske! Sophia! how happy shall I be when he comes the day after to-morrow, to offer him this token of my love." Maximilian stood at some distance behind them, admiring the lovely groupe, when the door unexpectedly opened. "Risa! Risa!" said Maximilian; she turned round, and Albert was in her arms.

It was his intention to pass unobserved through the saloon to her apartment, but a lucky chance occasioned him the surprise he had intended her. Every one pressed forwards to welcome him; and to say that the most perfect happiness was felt by this little circle, at least for this evening, would, I am certain, be superfluous. It was midnight before they parted, and what pleasure did Risa feel, when Albert went to the clock-case, and exchanged his sabre

for the sword he usually wore. "How
 "often have I wished for this happy mo-
 "ment," said she. "Long may that
 "naughty sabre remain in its prison."—"But
 "do not depend too much on its doing so,"
 replied he, "perhaps I may soon release
 "it."—"Shall I," said Risa, "embitter
 "the pleasure I now feel, by the reflection
 "that future misfortunes await me? No,
 "Albert! should that time come, I will
 "again resign you with as much compo-
 "sure as I can; and the recollection of
 "the happiness the present hour has af-
 "forded me, will render the tedious days
 "of absence supportable."—"Arno was
 "in the right," replied Albert, "when
 "he said it was a pity you was not a
 "Prince; but he did not wish it, nor
 "do I."

Whatever faults Arno's enemies might
 accuse him of, extravagance was not in
 their number, for he was naturally an
 economist. But every saving plan was
 now forgotten by him, and the most ex-
 pensive pleasures vied with each other;
 many

many of them were of such a nature, that all ranks of people could partake of them; but the King's liberality was chiefly bestowed on that rank he owed most, to the military.

He ordered them double pay for three months, and to be entertained three times at his expense. Every officer, as well as private, that had distinguished himself, was rewarded; nor was Albert overlooked. But of little value to him were the gifts Arno chose to bestow, since he obstinately withheld from him the only one he would thankfully have accepted of. Most people were sorry when these public demonstrations of joy ended; but Albert was extremely glad when they were happily over, they were what he had never approved of; for besides the licentiousness and irregularities they occasioned, which might have been attended with dangerous consequences; he thought the money thus laid out might have been expended on better purposes. For Albert was an enemy to tumultuous pleasures and riotous mirth.

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He was Arno's declared favourite; but he was forced to pay dearly for the honour he enjoyed, as it cost him many an hour that would have been more agreeably spent with Risa.

The more Albert was known the more he was loved, and with each day his occupations became more complicated, for Prascha was artful enough to extricate himself from those affairs that had the most distant appearance of danger, and to load the new favourite with them. It is true, his elevated situation was not devoid of comforts, for he felt the innate satisfaction of knowing he deserved the confidence of his King, and the love of his country; yet the pleasure an approving conscience gave him, and the consequence he found himself of at court (for he felt he was the spring that set the whole machine in motion; Hector, his second self, being almost continually at Hirsä, forming plans for futurity) did not fill up the void in his heart, which told him, without Risa he should never taste happiness.

Arno

Arno perceived the conflict that passed in his mind, and pitied him. Nay, often had he taken Rifa's hand with the intention of saying, take it, and Hulm, when a thought would suddenly dart across his mind, which prevented his putting his design into execution.

Valeske was seized with the small pox ; Arno's hopes revived—she might be deprived of her beauty, and then who could tell but Maximilian might transfer his affection from her to Rifa. But he did not chuse to remember, that even in that case the consent of the principal person would still be wanting.

It seems almost impossible that a man who possessed the sense and penetration that Arno really did, should encourage such chimerical, such fruitless hopes. Nor were they really his, but the instigations of the vile sycophants that I am sorry to say still surrounded him, and whose interest it was to keep alive the expectation in his bosom. His knowledge of the human heart must be very limited, indeed, who does not know how easily we can
pre-

vail on ourselves to hope what we wish. Every occasion was studiously sought to flatter and amuse Albert; but patience was the only remedy for his love.

Arno's eyes were at last opened, and he began to perceive by the movements the neighbouring courts made, that the peace so lately concluded would not be so lasting as he expected when he signed the treaty. "Nordenschild!" said he to him one day; "your remark of our swords not rusting in their scabbards, I believe was but too just, for I see a storm gathering at a distance, and I will prepare for it in such a manner, that my enemies shall see, that although age and infirmities have impaired my bodily strength, my mind still retains its youthful vigour. You, Nordenschild, have more penetration than any one I know, and likewise more knowledge of the human heart; for I have often remarked, that you, with the appearance of levity and unconcern, have the power to discover the secret motions that animate it; I therefore propose

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“pose employing you in an affair of the
 “greatest consequence—come to me in my
 “closet at ten to-morrow morning.”

Albert ordered his travelling carriage to be put in order as soon as he went home, for he guessed what Arno's commission would be. Several of the following days he passed almost entirely with the King, and all at once vanished, without any one's knowing what was become of him.

Albert was absent from Nordia the whole winter, visiting different courts and countries; at one he had a trifling negotiation to transact for Arno; at another, the wish to partake of the pleasure of the carnival, was the reason of his visiting it; a third attracted him by the beauty of its situation, or from its being the repository of knowledge and science. These were the reasons he assigned, but which were of too trivial a nature to blind the Argus eyes of statesmen, who knew he must have some other motives than those he chose to give, and to discover them was their business.

ness. Often to intrap him would they lead the discourse to the military state of their country, their artillery, and the like ; but Albert, without seeming to attend to them, would turn to the person next him, and inquire with the most seeming interest, when the next subscription ball or concert was to be ; for pleasure appeared to be his only business.

When they found they could not succeed, the women were employed, and many were the snares that were laid for him ; but, poor things ! most of them were caught in their own net, and it was chiefly at toilettes and tea tables that he gained the information he wanted. As for the snares that were thrown for his heart, they had no effect on it, nor was any temptation powerful enough to weaken his love, although policy sometimes obliged him to use a language foreign to his thoughts ; and if that could be called infidelity, it was the only one he was ever guilty of to Risa. It was in this tour that he gained the name of the Modern Alcibiades, which

which his love, prudence, and courage, made him not entirely undeserving of.

Albert returned to Nordia, and the first word he said to Arno was, "War!" He minutely informed him of the system of each court, which were indeed plans that seemed to promise but little comfort to Arno and his country.

There was but one power whose interest it was to act in conjunction with him, and that power had unfortunately taken umbrage at Arno's former mercenary proceedings; more, therefore, was to be feared than hoped from it. Albert, however, did not entirely despair of gaining its friendship and alliance; for what Arno called pride and perverseness, he thought to proceed from justice and magnanimity. Albert was therefore obliged to set off again immediately, to try to accomplish this wished-for purpose, without having enjoyed enough of Risa's society to reward him for the pantomime part he had so lately been forced to act. Arno hurried his departure as much as possible; for little as he in general feared his adversaries, he found

found he should now soon need assistance; and to gain a friend, and at the same time lessen the number of his foes, was at that time an event much to be desired.

But before that could be expected to happen, difficulties of a gigantic size must be conquered. Albert combated, and was fortunate enough to subdue them all; and when Arno doubted most of his succeeding, he received the welcome news, that the closest chain of friendship united these two ambitious houses. Risa for the first time in her life felt a little uneasy on Albert's account; for report said, his success was owing to the influence he had gained over an elevated and noble-minded female: the idea of inconstancy had never before entered Risa's mind; for she knew him to be superior to the failings so common to his sex: but might not gratitude weaken his love, and prove fatal to her repose? "I hope, Albert," said she, in one of her letters, "your attachment to your country has not obliterated your Risa from your heart." But Albert returned with unabated

abated affection, and had gained his country an able supporter.

A gloomy silence reigned at all the neighbouring courts; they seemed attentively listening for the croaking of the raven, which sound was to be the signal for the attack they hoped would end in the destruction of an extensive and flourishing kingdom. Pleasure, on the contrary, appeared to have taken up her abode in Nordia. Arno seemed to be lulled into a tranquil slumber, whilst his heirs were reposing on their gathered laurels. But they that thought so were mistaken; for although one hand held the flowing bowl, the other grasped the sword; and whilst one arm incircled the neck of his girl, the other was stretched out to seize the reins of his horse. Love and wine was the theme of their evening songs, but war was the subject that filled their hearts: for notwithstanding the precautions that were used, the army perceived something was in agitation; and they likewise knew that Arno's intentions were always kept secret till he gave the word of command; they therefore prepared

pared themselves for the worst, and were determined, that when they heard the sound of "To horse!" they would be prepared for it.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEVIL BROKE LOOSE!

SHORT as the last campaign had been, it had worn Arno's feeble frame; several paralytic attacks had so roughly shaken his hour-glass, that the sands of life were flowing apace. He felt the danger of his situation, and saw the hour of his dissolution approaching with regret. It was not the fear of death that made him tremble, for he had long been familiar with the grim tyrant; but he was pained by the thought, that just at this time his death would be prejudicial to his country; for the love of solitude his son indulged in, he feared would prevent his pursuing the plans he had traced, with the ardour necessary to ensure their success. But one day, after a long

long and private conference with Hector, he was agreeably surprised to find his fears were without foundation; for on hearing his intentions, and the projects he had formed, Arno owned they were such as entirely to meet with his approbation, and he cheerfully added, "I shall now die without regret; for the discovery of your sentiments convinces me, that my subjects will find a King in you, both able and willing to defend them."—"I am glad," replied Hector, "they are such as to merit your approbation, and indeed I should have reason to be ashamed of myself, if the time I spent at Hirså had been devoted to no better purpose than catching butterflies."

The intentions of Barenau's enemies were now ripe for execution, and before the warmth of the March sun had thawed the winter's ice, four formidable armies were marching towards its frontiers, and threatened no less than its entire annihilation.—"Arno, and the boy Hector, should now feel the weight of those powers, whose wrath they had irritated," was what they proudly

proudly said ; and their intention was no other than dividing the kingdom between them.

The day the news arrived at Nordia, was one devoted to joy, for it was the first of Arno's appearance in public, after having been confined to his apartment by illness, for several weeks. Every one was paying their congratulations to the King, when a young officer rushed into the drawing-room, and delivered a letter to him, from the governor of a fortified town on the borders of the kingdom. His haste, and the terror his countenance expressed, too plainly shewed the contents were of a disagreeable nature. "War !" said Arno, as soon he had read it ;—and "War !" and "success to Arno !" was repeated by every mouth. "I thank you for this, as well as every other proof of your attachment," said he, and turning to the officer, "You may return to your commander and inform him of what you have seen and heard ; or if (continued he) you rather chuse to travel in company, you may do so in that of my army to-morrow morning ! Come,

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“ (to his officers) let us retire.” The court broke up, and every one returned home in the greatest confusion. The ladies pale, trembling, and fainting; for the delicate system of their nerves had received a dreadful shock during the preceding scene, which was increased by the mixed sounds of lamentations, and shouts of joy they heard in the streets.

Arno gave his orders in the most deliberate manner, and lamented that age and infirmities prevented his heading his troops. The command of the greatest consequence was given to Albert; and Hector, kindly shaking his hand, wished him joy to it; and nothing was heard, but “Success comrades,” and “May our King die, as he has lived, with honour.”

The brigade Albert had the command of, and to which, by his particular desire, Hulm’s cuirassiers were added, received orders to march that day; he, therefore, hurried from the King to take leave of Risa. He found her perfectly composed, and his sabre lying on the table by her. Even Valleske was more so than formerly: but Sophia

phia was inconsolable—her fears on Herman's account being the same as before; and the solemn promise she had given Casper, not to disclose the secret during Arno's life, bound her lips, and almost distracted her.

"Your wish is fulfilled, Prince," said Albert to Maximilian, who just then entered the room, "we shall fight together; your regiment will receive orders to-day to join me at Walsam to-morrow; therefore you may be perfectly easy on our account, ladies; for your countrymen will be our guard." But the tears started into Risa's eyes soon after, when Buxar entered, and told his master, his horse was at the gate: he, at the same time delivered the keys to her, and begged that she would be particularly careful, that the coach-horses were well fed, and that no harm happened to them whilst he was away; for although Buxar was seventy-four, he was not to be prevailed on to stay behind.

Prepared as Risa was for Albert's departure, she did not think it would be so immediate, and her feelings were painful to

excess. Albert saw, and pitied the pain she suffered; and, clasping her in his arms, said, "We must part, therefore whether it happens a few hours sooner or later, is in fact the same thing. Accept, most amiable of women, my acknowledgments for every mark of your affection. Your tears confer as much honour on me, as Arno has done by entrusting to me the defence of his country; both claim my gratitude, and to deserve both shall be the study of my life. I will exert every effort, and all that human power will admit of, shall be done, to prove myself worthy of them. Love will strengthen my arm, and the pleasing hope, that Risa will be my reward, will animate my heart. Arno! this sword shall be drawn for you! but when I again sheath it, and return victorious to these walls, in whose defence I shall perhaps have bled, then, Arno, this Risa must be mine!" so saying, he again embraced her, and before she had time to articulate a word, he and Buxar were out of sight.

Although

Although Albert's words were meant to convey comfort to Rifa's mind, they had the contrary effect on it, and the dreadful interval between the now and then, continually forced itself on it. She well knew this campaign would be longer, and more dangerous than the last; nor was she unacquainted with its being particularly so to Albert, as on his prudence and bravery, the fate of one of Arno's finest provinces depended. How would he exert himself to save it, and deserve the confidence his King had placed in him: besides, his love would urge him to the most hazardous undertakings; and in the pleasing expectation of the future, he would forget his present danger: nor did she think it unlikely, that the success of his country would be purchased with his life. Such were the cruel thoughts that filled Rifa's mind—her reason told her they were but phantoms, and that she must try to conquer them.—She endeavoured to do so, but in spite of her efforts she found it impossible to subdue them—she passed a sleepless night with her sister, and afflicted friend; and when

Maximilian called in the morning to take leave of them, he found Rifa much more depressed than Valeske.

Sudden and dreadful as a thunder storm, did Arno's warriors pour out of Nordia's gates—the last time they went they were as cheerful and unconcerned, as if they had been going to a review, for honour was then their only object; but now they were going to defend their country and families, revenge seemed to heave each bosom, and destruction to sparkle in each eye.

Arno, although still extremely weak, went in his open carriage as far as the fortress, to see his troops pass. He did not attempt to inspire them with courage, for that he thought would be a kind of insult to their pride: but the sight of their Monarch's silver locks, as he held his hat in his trembling hand, was a more persuasive argument to them than his words would have been—each eye was fixed on him as they marched by his carriage, and they seemed to say, "Farewell, Arno! we will either return victorious, or no more!"

The

The fight and sensations of his heart were too powerful for him, and he was forced to turn his face from them, to conceal a falling tear. The early scenes of life presented themselves to his mind—he remembered how much he owed to those regiments that were now leaving him—how many battles he had gained with their assistance—how many countries he had won through their courage—there they went; who could tell if they would ever return; and if they did, what a chasm would be in them. At last, when they were quite out of sight, he ordered his carriage to return slowly to his forsaken Nordia, and lonely palace. Risa and her sister were the constant companions of his solitary hours, and as the natural vivacity of the former soon got the better of the depression of spirits she had lately felt, she did all in her power to amuse him with her cheerful conversation. Valefke became so fond of him, that she would often, when illness confined him to his bed, pass whole nights by the side of it. Their united efforts had the desired effect, for their attention alle-

viated his bodily suffering, and soothed the anxiety of his mind. Arno's heart was penetrated by their goodness, and often did he propose rewarding them for it in the manner he knew they wished; but as often as he seriously thought of doing so, such a number of objections and probabilities started into his mind, that he lost himself in the labyrinth, and his good intentions usually ended with a determination of considering about it again the next day. Had Heaven opposed as many difficulties to the success of his arms, as he did to the happiness of those two lovely girls, I verily believe his enemies would have surrounded his bed, and demanded his crown, sceptre, and keys of his treasury: but Heaven was just, and Arno capricious.

The first news Arno received from the army, was from Albert. He informed him that he had been successful in two battles, and that he was now pursuing the enemy, and hoped he should soon be able to force them to another battle, which if it proved as fortunate as he had every reason to expect, would enable him to take a fortified town,

town, without any great difficulty; that his doing so would be a most fortunate event, as he should then be able to act in conjunction with Prince Hector, and General Thurneisen. "Prince Maximilian," continued he, "took the first standard, and Thompson's dragoons captured twelve cannons, besides what the other regiments took, as your Majesty will see by the returns. We have so many prisoners that we do not know what to do with them, and every thing seems to promise us success. It is a pleasure to fight with troops taught by you; they, without the least deviation, pursue the paths that lead to conquest, even if they are forced to purchase every step of it with their blood."

The accounts Hector sent were equally satisfactory—he had taken a place of consequence with very trifling loss, and was penetrating into the enemies country, where he met with less resistance than he expected.

Thurneisen and Wildenfels, two worthy generals, who were grown old in Arno's

service, were surpris'd at the military knowledge and caution of these two young men; and one of them, in a letter to the King, mentioned his approbation in the following terms:—"If I and my old comrades do
"not die soon, your young heroes will
"entirely rob us of the reputation we formerly gained; for they are already what
"experience and long practice made us." With unabated courage they pursued the plans that Arno and their own prudence suggested, and the dangers and difficulties they met with, served only to spur them on in their career of glory.

But the enemies resources seem'd inexhaustible; for if a thousand fell to-day, they were replaced by ten thousand to-morrow; nor did they appear weakened by their repeated losses. However, Albert was soon fortunate enough to gain a signal victory over them, by entirely defeating an army much superior to his; who, to revenge themselves for the losses they had lately sustained, thought to overpower his skill by their numbers. They attacked him in the rear, but he repulsed them with
so

o much vigour, that they fled like a flock of sheep before him, with the loss of the greatest part of their baggage and ammunition. And they had the additional mortification of seeing a fortified place, intimidated by their example, surrender itself to him, without discharging a single cannon.

Albert now allowed his men and horses the rest that was necessary for them to recover their fatigues, and arranged the plan he had formed the beginning of the campaign, which a favourable opportunity now put in his power to execute. He gave the command of half his army to an experienced, and, as he thought, trusty general, to guard the frontiers; and with the other half (who would have gone to the infernal regions if he had led the way) marched directly to the capital of the contending power, which he knew to be in such a state, as to be able to offer him but little resistance, as the King had ordered his troops to march, not supposing it possible that the enemy would venture so far. Helwing's sloopes were already in sight, and Albert's

and every heart beat high with expectation, for if this *coup* succeeded, it would in all probability lead to a happy termination of the war. But jealousy and envy prevented his reaping the laurels he so well deserved; through the negligence of Sandwaft, (the general he had left to guard the frontiers) a detachment of the enemy's light-horse penetrated into Barenau, and with courage equal to his own, were forcing their way to Nordia, and marking their approach with fire and sword; and had they succeeded in their intentions, in all probability Nordia itself would have been reduced to a heap of ashes. When Albert first heard the fatal news, his rage exceeded all bounds—he sent messenger after messenger to Sandwaft, to follow them, for he knew his power was sufficient to repulse them; but Sandwaft loitered. In the agonies of despair he sent to Hector and Wildenfels, to hasten to the relief of Nordia, but at that time they were so surrounded, that it was uncertain if they would be able to extricate themselves. In such a situation Albert had no choice left—he was forced

forced to relinquish every advantage he had gained, and hasten to the succour of his country.

But who can describe the scene of confusion and terror that Nordia displayed, when the news arrived, that the enemy was at no great distance from its gates. The palace was surrounded by women and children, who with groans and up-lifted hands called to Arno for assistance. "Save! "Oh save us, Arno!" was repeated by every voice; but to help them was not in Arno's power. "Where is Hector? what "can be become of Albert!" said he, with a trembling voice; "they, as well as the "rest of my generals, must be dead; for I "am certain if they were living, they would "come to our assistance; they would never "abandon their King and country, nor "suffer us to be exposed to the dangers "that now threaten us."

Finding it impossible to support the anguish of his mind, he ordered the guards, and the invalids there were in the town to assemble, and rode at their head to the ramparts, determined to make what resistance

“its help, how the foremost fled or fell.”—
 “Then,” said Risa, who wished to continue the pleasing subject, “they either fell, or ran away at his approach.”—“To be sure they did,” was Arno’s reply. She inquired if he thought Albert would come into the town? but Arno said, “he doubted much his doing so, as most likely he would closely follow them, to prevent their committing any depredations in their retreat.” Risa returned to town with the King, and the evening of this dreadful day was passed in peace and quietness.

Three days after, General Sandwaft was brought prisoner to Nordia, and at the same time Arno received the following letter from Albert: “In the heat of my passion I loaded my pistol to shoot the infamous Sandwaft, on whose fidelity I trusted, because you so strongly recommended him to me; but on reflection, I thought it a pity to waste my powder and balls on him: I therefore send him to your Majesty; punish him as you think proper, and as you think he deserves;

" serves; for it is entirely owing to his base-
 " ness that your ensigns do not, at this
 " moment, wave on Helwing towers (Arno
 " started as he read) I was at its gates
 " when I heard of the misfortune that
 " threatened Nordia. Sandwaft, whom I
 " left to guard the frontiers, should either
 " have prevented their breaking through,
 " or at least have followed them; but nei-
 " ther my commands nor remonstrances
 " (and I repeatedly sent him both) had
 " power to make him do so. How wil-
 " lingly would I have resigned to him the
 " honour of being the preserver of Nordia;
 " but that was a happiness he thought
 " would be bought too dear, by allowing
 " me to be the conqueror of Helwing.
 " Your son and General Wildenfels were
 " at too great a distance, and in too criti-
 " cal a situation to offer you any assistance.
 " I was, therefore, obliged to resign every
 " advantage, every hope that was so near
 " being fulfilled, and go myself. Every
 " plan I had formed is therefore for the
 " present frustrated; for the infantry I left
 " there are by no means strong enough to
 " maintain

“ maintain their position ; God send they
“ may have been able to make a safe re-
“ treat. Your Majesty will, therefore, per-
“ ceive, that all thoughts of Helwing must
“ be given up for the present : it is true,
“ the road is still open, and perhaps my
“ next attempt may be more successful.
“ I am now pressing forward to clear your
“ country of the vagabonds that still infest
“ it, and by making myself master of Dun-
“ nis and Imwegen, to insure its safety for
“ the future. I hope I shall never again
“ be in so cruel a situation, as that I lately
“ experienced ; nor be forced to rescue my
“ King again from the power of enemies,
“ who formerly fled at the neighing of his
“ horse.

“ ALBERT.”

Albert's letter afforded much pleasure to Arno, as each line was to him a fresh proof of his courage, and attachment to his person. But his rage at Sandwast's scandalous proceedings, almost exceeded the bounds of reason ; but for him Helwing would now have been his, and history would have added the conquest of that town to his
other

other victories. What music would the sound of "Arno's banners are displayed" on Helwing's turrets, been to his ears! Every hope of that kind was now over; for that Albert would succeed in any future attempt, was very doubtful to him; for it was natural to suppose they would be better on their guard for the future, and that it would be impossible for him to penetrate into their country again.

Every one imagined Sandwaft would be punished in a manner the King's anger threatened, and his deeds deserved; for he had not only prevented Albert's success, but was likewise accountable for the depredations the enemy had committed, for three days, in Barenau. But Sandwaft had many and mighty friends, who secretly rejoiced that Albert's plan had proved abortive; and the sentence of death that was expected to be pronounced on him, was changed to a suspension of duty, and confinement for some time in the fortress.

An officer under Albert's command, wrote to a friend some time afterwards,
 "That

“That in their late expedition they had “rode post;” and indeed the speed with which they came from Helwing to Nordia, was more like riding post than a march. It was on the morning of the fourth day after they began their rout, that they came within sight of the enemy: the appearance of them, the smoaking villages, and lamentations of the peasants, occasioned mixed sensations of rage and pity in the hearts of every one. “No quarter to incendiaries!” said Albert; and, spurring their horses, they fell on them with the fury of hungry tigers. The greatest part of the enemy were in a state of intoxication, and therefore not able to offer much resistance; those that were sober made the most violent; but it was in vain, for all were either put to the sword, or trampled to death, that did not seek safety in flight; nor were they secure, unless their horses were swifter than their pursuers. During the engagement, numbers of the enemy had taken shelter in a neighbouring wood: they fell into Sandwaft’s hands, who was, now his assistance was not necessary, coming

ing to Albert's aid ; he ordered them all to be killed, thinking, by the mighty feat of destroying a parcel of drunken people, he should be able to excuse his former baseness. Albert had sworn when he left Helwing, that the first time he saw Sandwaft he would shoot him from his horse ; and the pistol, as he had written to Arno, was ready in his hand to do so ; but as he drew it from the holster, he recollected, that worthless as he was, he had a wife and family to whom his life might be dear ; he therefore only ordered his sword to be taken from him, and sent him to Arno to act with him as he thought proper. The officers that had been left under his command, were afraid they should be involved with him, and to justify their own conduct, did all in their power to prevail on Albert to hold a court-martial, but he could not prevail on himself to sign a sentence of death, which he knew he should not be able to avoid doing, if he consented to their wishes. " No," said he, " the King may sign his death warrant if he pleases, " I will have nothing more to do with him."

But

But Albert was mistaken, for his whole punishment consisted in a few week's confinement: and Albert had soon after the mortification of hearing, that the command of a corps of volunteers was entrusted to him, in the northern part of the kingdom.

Albert did not rest till he had cleared his country of the banditti that had so lately infested it, which as soon as he had done, and received the reinforcements he desired, he gave the command of his corps of observation, that was advantageously posted on an eminence, to Major-general Oswin, and with his army descended into a plain, close to Imwegen, to begin the necessary preparations for besieging that fortress. The vexations and extreme fatigue Albert had lately endured, his being continually on the march, often through deep morasses and burning sands, and several slight wounds he had received in the late affair, had worn a constitution naturally robust, and brought on a slight fever, that only seemed lurking for an opportunity of breaking out with violence. His friends begged

of him to be careful of himself, and reminded him of the consequence his life was of to his country ; but their advice was unheeded by him, and in spite of the languor he felt, he continued to superintend the works that were carrying on for the siege, with the most unremitting diligence ; and shared, with the soldiers, the inconveniences and dangers of that hazardous undertaking. Although the nights were cool, he was not to be prevailed on to lodge in a village : he objected to their distance, as none were nearer than two leagues from the camp ; he therefore continued to sleep in his tent, and often was the damp earth his bed, and a cloak his only covering.

The barren space of this once fertile plain, was a melancholy monument of the despair that filled Arno and Casper's hearts, when they fought two decisive battles on it ; for thatched cottages, and here and there a lonely hut, were the only remains of the opulence and plenty it formerly possessed. However, the refreshment which the loaded fruit-trees, that were scattered about it, afforded the troops, and the excellent pasture

ture his harrassed horses found, gave him much pleasure, and enabled him to bear the inconveniences he suffered without repining. But nevertheless rest was absolutely necessary for him, and he was forced to enjoy it sooner than he expected.

The moon-light nights that would have been very acceptable to him, in Rifa's company, were, in his present character of a besieger, quite the reverse; as they gave the enemy an opportunity of being very troublesome with their cannon, and interrupting his men at their works; and often did he wish its beams concealed in a cloud, or in the immense folds of a lady's neck-handkerchief, wherever they pleased, if they were only out of his way. On one of these light nights, a party of the enemy sallied out of the town, thinking to fall on a detached part of his army by surprise, but they were so well prepared for their reception, and gave them such a warm one, that the number which returned was much less than that which went.

Albert had taken the most active part in this affair, and had fought in the lines, like

a com-

a common man. When the enemy was repulsed, and he found every thing quiet, and no further danger was to be apprehended for that night, he gave his orders as usual, and rode to his tent, with the intention of going to bed ; for he found himself unusually fatigued : but just as he arrived there, his left arm became so heavy he could not hold the reins ; it sunk on the saddle. He remembered, during the action, that he had received a blow on his shoulder, and at the same time felt something warm running down his back ; but as he felt no pain afterwards, he had not attended to it, and only recollected it at the moment he was dismounting : but no sooner did his foot touch the ground, than he reeled, and fell lifeless into Bushman's arms, who fortunately was standing near him. He was laid on his bed, and surgeons sent for, who on examining his wound, found a musket ball lodged near his shoulder, which they immediately extracted. The wound itself was not thought to be dangerous, but it was impossible to say, in his present declining state of health,

whether the fever might not prove so. Orders were given to convey him to the nearest village, and Bushman proposed taking him to a country seat he had lately discovered in the neighbourhood, where he thought his master would be more conveniently lodged, and better attended to, than in a village. His proposal was approved of by Colonel Steinacker, who for the present undertook the command of the army.

The house Albert was taken to was inhabited by a lady, who on hearing a noise at the gate, jumped out of bed, and ran to the window, to inquire what was the matter; and on being informed it was a wounded officer, gave immediate orders for his admittance, and ordered her servants to take him into the best bed-chamber; for the Barenau ladies were noted for their politeness and attention to officers; and although this was a wounded one, he might recover, and be grateful for the humanity that was shewn him. "Who is he," said the lady.—"I hope, Madam," replied Bushman, "you will excuse my informing you at present, for we are forbid mentioning

tioning his name; but his rank is superior to a lieutenant's." In the mean time Albert was carried up stairs; at the top of them stood the lady, who as soon as she saw him, gave a loud scream, and fainted. Albert was so weakened by his prodigious loss of blood, that he neither saw the lady, nor perceived any thing that passed; but Buxar, who had followed him up stairs, had caught a glimpse of her, and he assured his fellow servants they might be perfectly easy on their master's account, for that he knew the lady, and was sure he would be as safe as if he was in Abraham's bosom: for to keep my readers no longer in suspense, it was no other than Amelia.

As soon as she recovered from her fright, she prepared every thing she thought necessary for him, and when she heard his wound was dressed, and he was a little composed, she went into his room, and was happy to find him in a dose. She seated herself by the side of his bed, and her eyes were rivetted on his face. At last he awoke; he started, and faintly exclaimed, "Amelia! or do I dream?" He

strove to raise himself in the bed as he spoke, but weakness prevented his doing so, and his contracted face shewed what pain the attempt had given him. "Poor "Albert," said she, at the same time bending over the bed, and kissing his pale cheek.—"Where am I?" hastily exclaimed Albert; "what has happened to me? where "are my aid-de-camps? surely (starting "up in the bed) I am not a prisoner!"—Amelia begged of him to compose himself, and assured him he was in Barenau, and confined by nothing but weakness.—"Then "tell me, Amelia," said he, "as fast as "you can, what has happened to me; for "if the soldiers hear of my being in this "situation, they will laugh at me. I re- "member nothing of the past, except that "we repulsed the enemy with loss, and that "I rode to my tent."—She explained his situation to him, as well as she was able; and while she was speaking, Major Drake, his favourite aid-de-camp, came into the room. He informed him, that Colonel Steinacker had undertaken the command of the army, who would exactly pursue his

his plan; and that the works preparing for the siege, would be carried on just as if he was present. The surgeon who came with Drake, assured him, that if he would follow the rules he prescribed, and keep himself quiet, he had no doubt of his speedy and perfect recovery. Albert promised he would, and he was enabled to do so by the confidence he placed in Steinacker, whom he knew to be a brave and worthy officer; but he insisted on being consulted on all affairs of consequence; "For," said he, "do I not daily risque my life in the service of my country? and shall a mere possibility of danger prevent my doing my duty as far as lies in my power?" His bed was therefore surrounded every morning by his aid-de-camps: he heard their reports, and dictated his orders with the greatest deliberation.

Amelia's behaviour on this trying occasion was such as to do her the greatest honour; for she entirely conquered her own feelings, not to wound his: her every word and action shewed that she felt the

most exalted friendship for him ; but love seemed quite out of the question, and she felt happy in succeeding in her kind endeavours to make him satisfied with himself, for he soon spoke of the past with as much composure as if it had been a pleasing dream.

Albert knew that the estate Amelia had retired to, was situated in this neighbourhood ; but (God forgive him !) he had never once thought of her during the whole campaign ; and it now seemed inexplicable to himself, how it was possible so entirely to forget her. Amelia knew he was the commander of the army that was encamped in her neighbourhood ; for the name of Nordenschild was in every mouth, and she had often trembled for him when she heard the report of the cannon ; but extreme delicacy, and the fear of wounding Rifa's repose, made her use every endeavour to keep herself concealed from his knowledge ; and to be able to do so, she had given her servants orders to say, to any officer that might inquire for her, that she was gone to Italy, where she purposed staying

staying till the war was over; and that her aunt, who was left in the house, was too infirm to receive any company. Yet although she wished not to be seen, she could not suppress the desire of seeing him, and had formed several plans of doing so in disguise. Her wish was soon fulfilled, but in how cruel a manner! for what anguish did her heart feel when she beheld the bleeding, and to all appearance lifeless Albert, carried up the stairs. Albert perceived, and soon removed her fears on Risa's account, by assuring her, that as soon as he was able to hold a pen, he should think it his duty to inform her of the obligations he was under to the ever kind and amiable Amelia; and that he was certain her gratitude would equal his own. Indeed her attentions were unabated; she was almost constantly by his bed-side; nor could she be prevailed on to leave him, either day or night, as long as she thought he was in the least danger. His medicines and refreshments were administered by her, and to sooth and relieve him were her only studies. Albert was fearful the fa-

tigues she endured would injure her health, and repeatedly intreated her to take that rest, so necessary to preserve it; and on her objection to do so, he assured her, that by refusing him the favour he desired, she would oblige him to quit her house: this threat prevailed, and she left him, to enjoy the repose she so much wanted.

One day a party of Ofwin's hussars met a young fellow on the road, staring about him, as if he was just dropped from the clouds: he was as lean as his horse, and that was of the greyhound kind. They inquired what business he had there, but he answered them in such an unintelligible jargon, that it was impossible for them to understand one word he said; they therefore took him for a spy, and were going to hang him without any ceremony, on the first tree they came to. He did not make the least resistance, but pointing to one of his half boots, made them understand, they must give that to General Nordenschild. This saved his life, for they reflected, that it was possible that he might be intrusted
with

with a private message to him, and therefore sent him, with a guard, to Amelia's house. He seemed to be in a prodigious hurry, and cursed the heavy German horse all the way he went. Albert ordered him to be admitted, and as soon as he saw him, inquired what business he had with him.—

“Are you General de Nordenschild, Sir?” said he; and on Albert's answering in the affirmative, he threw down his whip and hat, and taking a knife out of his pocket, ripped open the sole of his left boot in the greatest hurry. Every one in the room laughed at the earnestness with which he did it, and thought he was either a fool or madman: but they altered their opinion when they saw him take a letter from it, and, throwing it on the bed to Albert, said “There it is.” Albert saw by the superscription it came from Risa, and impatiently tearing it open, received the greatest pleasure from the contents. “Flit,” said he, when he read it, shaking his hand; “depend on my rewarding you for your trouble and the danger you have been exposed to;” and at the same time he beg-

ged Amelia would have the goodness to order some refreshments for him.—“I have
“ done no more than my duty, Sir,” said Flit, as he followed Amelia out of the room. She soon returned, and partook of the pleasure Risa’s letter had given to Albert; the contents were as follow :—“Your absence does not make me uneasy, dear Albert; for I know how necessary it is for
“ the good of your country, and sincerely rejoice at the services you have already
“ done, and will still do it: but I own I cannot conquer the wish of sometimes
“ hearing more circumstantial accounts of you, than those the newspapers, and
“ Arno’s returns give; and have long puzzled myself in vain with thinking how I
“ should contrive to get my letters safely conveyed to you, when kind chance sent
“ the bearer of this in my way, and finding him a person exactly fitted to my
“ purpose, I have taken him into my service. He is an Englishman, who was
“ unfortunate enough to lose all he possessed on the turf, (a misfortune not uncommon in his country) and the whole
of

" of a fortune once affluent, now consists
 " in two race-horses. With these he came
 " to Nordia, without any plan for his fu-
 " ture subsistence : the swiftness of his
 " horses attracted my attention ; I sent for
 " him, and our terms were soon settled :
 " he has promised not to return till he finds
 " you, wherever you are. I do not expect
 " long letters from you, Albert, for in your
 " present situation I know it is impossible
 " for you to have time to write them ; but
 " if, when you see him you will only write
 " your name on a leaf, or mark it with a
 " pebble on one of your buttons, it will sa-
 " tisfy me ; and if you have time to add,
 " Risa, I love you ! that will more than
 " answer my expectation. But if business
 " prevents your doing so, Flit will tell me
 " if you are well, and where he saw you ;
 " and that will content me till happier
 " times. Arno is kindness itself, and I am
 " certain our love will conquer every dif-
 " ficulty at last. Yes, Albert, my heart tells
 " me we shall at last be happy, at least
 " your Risa thinks and hopes so."

Albert wrote the following answer, with which Flit was immediately dispatched:—

“ Your messenger, dear Rifa, found me
 “ at Amelia’s house, where I have been
 “ some time ; and it is in a great measure
 “ owing to her care, that I am now able to
 “ write to you ; for I need make no mystery of what, perhaps, you already know,
 “ or what at least Flit will tell you before
 “ you read this—my being wounded. But
 “ I beg you will not be uneasy on my account,
 “ for I am recovering so fast, that
 “ I have no doubt of soon being able to
 “ mount my horse again ; and then our
 “ enemies shall feel that I have rested.
 “ Amelia fears my being at her house may
 “ occasion you some little uneasiness ; but
 “ I am better acquainted with your heart
 “ than she is, and am certain you will be
 “ thankful to her for the attention she has
 “ shewn me ; and will do all in your power
 “ to tranquillize her on that account. I,
 “ and permit me to say, we both owe her
 “ much ; for she has attended me during
 “ my illness, with the kind anxiety of an
 “ affectionate sister. Maximilian is well ;
 “ he

" he has nothing to do at present ; and tell
 " Valeske, I shall not be surpris'd, if
 " through *ennui*, he should turn poet, and
 " write verses on her. We have had a
 " very fatiguing campaign, but I hope Im-
 " wegen will repay our trouble, and afford
 " us excellent winter quarters ; for I sup-
 " pose you know we are lying before, and
 " preparing to besiege it ; and have every
 " reason to expect we shall soon be mas-
 " ters of that town : our being so is of
 " great consequence to me, as it will ena-
 " ble me to pursue my long-intended plan,
 " which, when completed, I am sanguine
 " enough to expect will so entirely meet
 " with Arno's approbation, that your hand
 " will be my reward for it. I see by Flit's
 " impatience to be gone, he is angry with
 " me for detaining him so long, and I be-
 " lieve he would rather lose another bet
 " than your favour. Your next letter will
 " most probably find me in the field, and
 " dear as you are to my heart, Risa, I
 " should be sorry to have leisure enough
 " then to write such a long answer."

" Ever your ALBERT."

Although

Although Flit was as expeditious as possible, he was not quick enough for Rifa's wishes, and several times had she rode out to meet him. At last, from the top of a hill, she perceived a speck at a great distance, and by its so rapidly increasing in size, she concluded it to be her long-expected messenger. She galloped towards him, nor was she disappointed in her expectations. "You have been gone a prodigious time," said she. Flit assured her he had made as much haste as possible, and that the spirit of the campaign he had lately drank, was not yet evaporated; and he added, he had with difficulty escaped being hanged. Rifa, without paying much attention to him, impatiently inquired if he had seen the General, and if he had a letter for her.—"The General is "wounded," replied he, with the greatest composure; "and here is a letter for your "Highness." — "My God! wounded!" said Rifa, and the letter dropped from her trembling hand.—"Do read it," said Flit. She did so, and received so much consolation

tion from the perusal of it, as enabled her to return home tolerably composed.

Albert's recovery was much slower than he hoped and expected it would have been, and Flit, who soon returned with a letter for him, from the Landgravine, as well as with a grateful and affectionate one for Amelia, found him the next, and several following times, in bed. The slow fever that had so long hung about him, had weakened him extremely, and had his constitution not been so good, he must have fallen a victim to it.

In the mean time the enemy pressed forwards with a prodigious army, to the relief of the besieged town, and seemed determined to risque every thing rather than lose it; a battle was therefore unavoidable, which if they gained, would oblige Albert to raise the siege, and thereby deprive him of every advantage he had gained the whole campaign. This he knew, and the thought almost distracted him.

The evening before the decisive battle, his bed was surrounded by his officers, to
 I whom

whom he gave his orders and advice. To succeed art was almost more necessary than courage; for every effort of bravery without it would have been insufficient to subdue an enemy so much their superior in number. As it was impossible to judge with any degree of certainty, what the event of the battle would be, his friends advised him to remove to a greater distance. "No," said he, "if you love your King and country as you ought, I shall be as safe here, as if the sea divided us; and I am certain I should offend you by harbouring a thought to the contrary." They shook his hand, and left him.

Those that could sleep during the night, were awakened before it was light the next morning, by the roaring of the cannon, that shook the very foundation of the house; and one can easily imagine what Albert must have felt, when the news was brought him, that the garrison of Imwegen were falling out of the town at two places, and that Maximilian was wounded; and his distress was increased by the pale and trembling Amelia rushing into his room, who
catching

catching hold of his arm, begged of him to protect her.

The wound Maximilian had received, was so slight, as not to oblige him to quit his post, which was to prevent the enemy forcing their way out of the town. He and his cuirassiers stood like an impregnable wall, and although they suffered much from the first fire, they returned it in such a manner, as to force the enemy to return into the town. This was the first good news Albert received, and the satisfaction it gave him was soon increased by the information, that Ofwin had through a skilful manœuvre, enticed the enemy from their advantageous position, to one where the looseness of the *terrene* would render his cavalry of little use: and that Steinacker with his, had fortunately passed a deep morass, and had attacked the flank of the enemy's infantry. Albert's hopes revived, and Amelia now perceived, what her fright had prevented her observing before, that she was nearly undressed. She was confused, and went towards the door, with the intention of returning to her apartment

ment, and dressing herself; but as she passed the window, she saw Bushman running towards the house, waving his hat in the air. She stopped, and as soon as he entered the court-yard, he shouted as loud as he was able, "Victory! Victory!" Joy had now the same effect on her, as fear had some time before; for she entirely forgot her dishabille: and as for Albert, he almost jumped out of bed in his shirt.

Bushman's account was true, Arno's arms were victorious; for by the united efforts of art and courage, they had beaten an enemy three times as numerous as their's, and had so entirely routed it, that they had little reason to fear being again annoyed by it that campaign.

Although Albert was not present at the battle, yet, without deviating from the truth, it might be said, he gained it; for he formed the plan that proved so successful; and the merit of his officers and men consisted in punctually obeying his orders.

A number of officers were killed, and many wounded, amongst the former was his much lamented friend, the brave old
General

General Ofwin, who fell by a musket ball, at the moment his grenadiers were firing the last platoon, which ended the battle, and decided the victory in their favour. Indeed the loss Albert's army had sustained was such, that had the enemy been able to have attacked them again immediately, in all probability his plans and hopes would have been alike frustrated; but they were so entirely subdued, that there was nothing to fear from them, at least for the present. The soldiers had made great booty, and were singing and rejoicing, although numbers of them had wounded heads, and broken limbs. Albert pitied the troops that were encamped near Imwegen, for they witnessed the mirth of their comrades, without being able to share it; he therefore sent a thousand florins to be distributed amongst them, to drink his health; and sent them word, there was plenty of good wine in Imwegen, which they should taste as soon as he was well.—“God send him soon so,” said they, “we long to tap the barrels;” “for since the apples and pears have been
“over,

“over, we have had nothing to refresh us;
 “and for the money he has sent us, tell
 “him, we thank him, and wish him to pass
 “the night as happily as we shall.”

Both their wishes were soon fulfilled, for to render the happiness of the day complete, towards the evening he received a letter from the Landgravine, which contributed not a little towards procuring him a good night. His health, likewise, mended daily, and this was the last time Flit found him in bed.

Imwegen still obstinately refused to listen to every offer of capitulation, although Albert had repeatedly proposed very honourable terms to them; but they tauntingly replied, that they did not fear him, for they had plenty of provisions, and their town was in such a state of defence, as to hold out, till they received assistance; but they did not know that Albert's miners had nearly reached their counterescarp. The army had captured such a quantity of heavy artillery in the last affair, that Albert wrote to Arno to forbid his sending that which he had written for, and only desired some
 mortars

mortars to be sent him. He was now so well recovered as to be able to ride out every day, and had it been necessary, could have undertaken his command again; but the tranquillity that reigned made him follow the advice of his friends, and nurse himself a little longer; as nothing was to be undertaken this campaign but the siege of Imwegen, and that he knew would not run away from him.

But he was not to be prevailed upon to stay away from the army, longer than the first of October. He was received in camp with the most unfeigned joy; he surveyed the works that had been carried on during his illness, which, owing to Steinacker's care, he found to be in such a state of forwardness, as to meet with his entire approbation. Finding every thing ready, he again summoned the town to surrender, and on his receiving a negative answer, he ordered the bombardment to begin. Nor did the enemy rest; for they fired continually, and did great damage to his works. However, a few nights after they sprung a mine, with such good success, that it
blew

blew up a powder magazine, which made a considerable breach. "I shall now be able to tell you soon," said Albert to Amelia the next morning, "whether I shall pass the winter in your neighbourhood, or not." Amelia trembled for him, for she knew in how dangerous an undertaking he was engaged.

Albert again sent a trumpeter to the town, to renew his offers of capitulation, but the Governor sent him word, he would rather be buried under the ruins of it, than surrender himself and town to such a boy. When Albert found the impossibility of bringing them to terms, he was forced, painful as it was to him, seriously to set about the disagreeable business, and saluted them with a volley of an hundred cannon, and sixty-four mortars, which occasioned no small consternation to the unfortunate inhabitants. "That was from the boy Nordenschild," was the message he sent to the Governor; "and he, for the last time, repeats his offer of allowing you honourable terms of capitulation, and which if you again refuse, makes

“ makes you answerable for all the miseries the town will suffer.” Albert was determined to leave no means untried, to bring the Governor, whom he knew to be a brave, but obstinate man, to terms; for it was his earnest wish to spare the town; but it could not be; for instead of an answer, the Governor ordered his fire to be returned. The siege began, and the bombardment continued, without intermission, for three days and nights: the earth seemed convulsed, the mountains trembled, and the unfortunate town was on fire in four different places. Those that attempted to extinguish the flames were either killed by the bombs, or miserably buried under the ruins of the falling houses, which was likewise the unhappy fate of numbers who had concealed themselves in vaults and cellars. The fourth day Albert determined to attempt taking it by assault: he took his standard, and calling to his brave grenadiers to follow him, led the way. Their courage got the better of every difficulty; for notwithstanding the vigorous resistance they met with, they took one battery after another,

another, and forcing their way through the breach, entered the town; when Albert, planting his standard on the wall, cried, "Long life to King Arno!"

Albert could not help shuddering when he looked back and saw the dangers he had so happily escaped, and the melancholy aspect the town afforded him. It was almost reduced to a heap of ruins, and more dead than living were seen in the streets. The General, at the head of a few hundred men, whom he had inspired with his sentiments, made what resistance they could, after Arno's troops entered the town; and all they desired or expected they said was, to sell their lives as dear as possible; but they were soon surrounded, and the whole garrison forced to surrender themselves prisoners. The Governor attempted to shoot himself, but the pistol was knocked out of his hand, that was already raised to commit the deed, by one of Albert's cuirassiers.

Albert shewed him every distinction due to his age and rank, nor did he in the least retort the rudeness of his behaviour to himself;

self; but he could not help reproaching him the first time he saw him, for his unpardonable caprice in refusing to surrender the town, when he well knew it was not in a state to withstand a siege, which had subjected it to the miseries it had already endured, and those future evils, that it was not now in his power to avert; for he had unfortunately promised his soldiers, at a time that he did not think there was the least probability of its happening, that in case the town was taken by storm, they should be allowed to plunder: this hope had made them bear the fatigues of the long campaign without murmuring, and had encouraged them to attempt with pleasure the dangerous undertaking. But Albert repented of his hasty promise, and would willingly have given the half of his fortune to have been able to have recalled it, but that was impossible; he was therefore forced to allow what his heart condemned. But as soon as it was light the next morning, he rode through the town, to endeavour to put a stop to the outrages they were committing. "Comrades," said

he to them, "if you wish to retain my friendship, forbear! go to your quarters, and prove to the world you are civilized beings, not barbarians." His words had the desired effect, they dispersed, and returned quietly to their quarters. Albert left Imwegen as soon as he had restored peace and quiet to it, seen the flames extinguished, the dead buried, and a wound he had received was just scared over, for he would not stay till it was healed. He ordered Steinacker, who was now Major-general in Oswin's stead, to have the fortifications repaired, and the houses that were burnt down, or otherwise damaged, rebuilt, that the unfortunate sufferers might be able to return to their habitations as soon as possible, he being determined to pursue General Elrick, who had collected his scattered army. But Elrick on hearing of Albert's intention, wisely retreated, and as the season was so far advanced, he did not think it adviseable to follow him far, as he knew they should meet in the spring; he therefore returned to Imwegen, where
he

he and his army found comfortable winter quarters, and time to recover the fatigues they had endured.

“Do you not intend to visit us at Nordia this winter, Albert, as almost all my other Generals are here?” said Arno, in one of his letters to him. But several reasons opposed his doing so, for he found his presence necessary at Imwegen; besides, he did not wish to appear at Nordia, and receive the thanks of his countrymen, till he thought he deserved them, which was not yet the case; but the circumstance of Risa’s being indisposed, fixed his wavering resolution, and he determined to go for a few days. He alighted at the gate of the town, and wrapped up in his cloak, walked to her palace; he found her alone, for her sister and Sophia were gone to court, but a few minutes were all he could devote to her, for duty likewise called him there.

Albert entered the drawing-room with his usual ease; illness, fatigue, and a broad scar across his forehead (that he re-

ceived on the ramparts of Imwegen, at the moment he planted Arno's standard there) had a little altered his appearance, and the courtiers stared at him as if they had seen a ghost ; nay, I believe the appearance of one would not have been so obnoxious to many, as the sight of the man they hated, and who was now become of so much consequence to his country.

Hector was the first that saw and welcomed him. Arno was unbounded in his commendations of his conduct ; but Albert, who was wearied of having himself praised, put a stop to them by asking the King what was become of Sandwast ? Arno felt the rebuke, and turned from him to hide his confusion.

Albert only remained in Nordia long enough to attend a few cabinet councils relative to the operations of the next campaign, and after taking leave of Arno, Hector, and Risa, he left Nordia as privately as he entered it, and hastened back to Imwegen, for he knew the enemy were preparing to march against him with a formidable army, and he wished to be prepared

pared to receive them ; he therefore completed his regiments as fast as possible, and added to the fortifications of the town ; and when these employments afforded him a leisure hour, it was spent with Amelia.

He soon found how necessary his precautions were, for by the preparations the enemy were making, and by the quantity of heavy artillery they were transporting, he found their intention was to retake the town, but that he was determined, if possible, to prevent. As soon therefore as he knew by the report of his spies they were on the march, he, with part of his army, pretended by taking by-roads, to be privately marching towards the principal town in the enemies dominions. This finesse succeeded, for Elrick determined to attack him before he ventured to retake Imwegen, but Albert harassed and misled him, till he had enticed him to a spot convenient for his purpose. Elrick too late saw the snare he was drawn into, and endeavoured to extricate himself from it by forced marches, but just at the time his army was most fatigued, Albert forced him

to fight. Albert gained the battle, and Elrick lost his life.

The next business he proposed undertaking was Helwing, for which purpose he determined to attack Ufo, who with his corps of observation was collecting the scattered remains of Elric's army. Ufo was one of the first generals of his time, and Albert found it would be more difficult to gain a footing in his country than he at first imagined, for many of his projects to do so were already annihilated by that cunning old man. However, his turn was now come, and Albert would have outwitted him, for he had formed a plan, the success of which did not admit of a doubt; and it had the double advantage of ensuring the safety of Nordia, and making him master of Helwing. Albert's heart beat with impatience for the completion of it—every thing was prepared—nothing but the signal to be given, but it was not to be, for cursed cabal again interfered, and stopped him short in his career of glory.

Albert

Albert had, during the winter, received several letters from Helwing, and I have no doubt of my readers being surprised when I inform them they were written by the Countess Teresa, who lived in that town in a most splendid manner; the contents were of so trifling a nature, as often to make him laugh, as they contained nothing but artful and frivolous excuses, and explanations of the misunderstandings (as she called them) that had happened between them. Albert read, threw them in the fire, and thought no more about them; but his curiosity was excited some time after, by one of his friends shewing him copies of them, which, from his having immediately burnt the originals, he was certain must have been taken previous to his receiving them; but business of so much consequence took up his time and attention, that he had neither leisure nor inclination to waste a thought on Teresa, or her letters. But some weeks after he received another from her, the contents of which were of a much more intriguing nature than any of the former ones. "It is

“melancholy,” said she, amongst the rest,
“that we mortals are so blind, as seldom
“to be able to discover what is good for
“us, and to attain our wish, we com-
“monly employ the wrong means; your’s,
“for example, is to gain the Landgra-
“vine’s hand—and what method do you
“take to do so? You apply to the King
“of Barenau, just to him from whom you
“will never receive it. It is wonderful to
“me, General, that you who have so
“much sense and penetration, can suffer
“yourself to be so duped by a monarch
“and his ministers; if you would only
“peep into the cabinet, you would see
“that Arno will never relinquish his fa-
“vourite hope of uniting the two houses.
“Nordenschild, I pity you! and did so when
“I was at Nordia, where I often served
“for the cloak to cover the designs of
“others—of them that persecuted you. I
“was bound by a promise of secrecy from
“owning the truth to you, and therefore
“became the deserved object of your ha-
“tred; but rather than continue the tool
“of faction any longer, I left the town.
“This

"This circumstance was never before
 "mentioned by me, for who does not
 "fear incurring the anger of the great?
 "Nor should I have done so now, but for
 "the entire ignorance you either feel or
 "pretend. Nordenschild! there was a
 "time when my unhappy heart felt more
 "than friendship for you, and likewise as-
 "pired to more; but Heaven be praised,
 "that time is now over, and the only sen-
 "sation it now feels, is, that of the warm-
 "est, the sincerest friendship; therefore
 "how painful must it be to me, to see
 "the friend I esteem, and the man who
 "so well deserves reward, counteracting
 "himself? You venture your life in the
 "service of a country, where the highest
 "rank you will ever attain, will be be-
 "coming its most splendid slave; you
 "bleed for the avarice of a monarch, who
 "will never, never reward you as you wish
 "and expect, and your arm is lifted up to
 "wound him, who alone is able and wil-
 "ling to serve you. I dare not explain
 "myself farther; perhaps I have already
 "said more than I ought. Reflect, Ge-

“ neral ! seriously reflect ! if justice took
“ place, who would have the greatest
“ right to dispose of Hulm ? I do not un-
“ derstand these matters, but if you think
“ they deserve your attention, appoint
“ any time and place you chuse, where you
“ will be met by a person who will inform
“ you fully of every particular you may
“ wish to be acquainted with.

“ TERESA.”

Albert immediately discovered that this was a snare that was laid by his enemies, although he did not immediately perceive what a deep laid plot it was. For at that time he did not know that copies of this letter, which was equally well calculated to raise Arno's suspicions as his own, were as industriously circulated as those of the former ones had been.

However great as the temptation was, it had no effect on him, nor did he make any secret of his having received the letter ; although for the part that alluded to Arno and Hulm, he did not shew it to any person, but wrote the following laconic answer

answer on the back of the letter, and inclosing it in a cover, returned it to Teresa:
 "My head and arm are devoted to the service of my King and country; my heart only concerns myself.

"NORDENSHILD."

But too soon did Albert discover, that Arno, less cautious than himself, was deceived by it, for going into the tent one morning (just at the time he was going to put his long-intended plan into execution) he saw an open letter lying at the entrance of it; that it was laid there by design, was evident, for Steinacker, to whom it was directed, had been laid up with the gout some days. Albert took it up, and was surprised to find the superscription to be the King's writing; but how did his cheeks glow with indignation when he read the following words;

"It has lately been discovered that an alarming correspondence has been carried on some time between your commander, General Nordenschild, and the enemy, and as it is impossible to know

K 6

"what

" what his intentions are, will herewith
 " receive my private order, should he
 " make the least suspicious movement, to
 " demand his sword, and send him to me,
 " and in that case you are to undertake the
 " command of the army.

" ARNO."

From that moment Albert was dead to
 his country; his honour had received a
 mortal wound, and honour and life were
 to him the same: he hesitated for a mo-
 ment, as if unwilling to relinquish the
 plan he knew would be so beneficial to
 his country; and the agony he suffered
 was nearly the same as that which is felt
 at the instant the soul and body separates.
 But the open letter he had thrown on the
 table again caught his eye, and fixed his
 resolution. He ordered his secretary to
 lock up all his papers, and to follow him
 with his keys to General Steinacker. As
 soon as Albert saw him, he shewed him
 the letter, and hastily inquired if he had
 received it from the King. The effect the
 sight of the letter had on Steinacker, was
 nearly

nearly the same as it had on Albert, for trembling with rage he exclaimed, "What
 "curfed villain has ftolen it from me?"—
 "That is immaterial to me," faid Albert,
 "I only inquire if you received it from
 "Arno?"—"I cannot deny its being fent
 "to me by him," replied he, "but with-
 "out villany you would never have been
 "informed of it. Remember, General,
 "our King is an old man, and make fome
 "allowance for the weaknefs of age."

Albert had laid his fword and feveral
 keys on the table whilft Steinacker was
 fpeaking. "Here," faid he, "is my
 "fword, which I refign to you with my
 "command. My fecretary will deliver
 "the military cheft and papers to you,
 "and I have no doubt of your finding the
 "accounts quite exact; but fhould there
 "be any deficiencies, I will anfwer for
 "them."

In vain did Steinacker make ufe of
 every argument in his power to prevail on
 him to alter his refolution. "Let the love
 "of your country," faid he, "prevail on
 "you to forget your private injuries."—

"I re-

"I renounce my country!" was Albert's reply.—"Farewel, Steinacker," shaking his hand, "may it reward you better than it has done me."

Albert returned to his tent, and putting on a plain suit of cloaths, ordered his servants to pack up every thing that belonged to him, as soon as possible, and as soon as they had done, to saddle the horses; he, whilst they were so employed, wrote the following letter to the King:

"SIRE,

"I LEAVE the army your Majesty intrusted to me, on the road that led to conquest; for I have no doubt but that success would have crowned our undertakings—but my honour is wounded. Chance this morning threw in my way the order you sent to General Steinacker respecting me, by which I too plainly see you think me a traitor. How have I deserved such treatment from your Majesty, in whose service I have so often shed my blood, and so willingly hazarded my life? As I generally keep my
"inten-

"intentions secret, many of my move-
 "ments might appear suspicious to Stei-
 "nacker, and he therefore, as an honest
 "man, might have thought it his duty to
 "obey your commands, and I with the
 "most upright intentions have been pub-
 "licly dishonoured; therefore, to avoid
 "such a disgrace I resign my command,
 "and quit your service. Honour forbids
 "me ever to bear arms against your Ma-
 "jesty, nor can I any longer serve him
 "who harbours such a mean opinion of
 "me, as to suppose that any considera-
 "tion would be powerful enough to pre-
 "vail on me to become a traitor to my
 "country. That I was not engaged in
 "the ridiculous correspondence, is, I
 "think evident, by my making no secret
 "of having received the letters that were
 "below my notice. Your Majesty was
 "not informed of the contents of them
 "through me, but most likely by the same
 "worthy persons through whose interces-
 "sion that villain Sandwaft is again em-
 "ployed. But why do I attempt defend-
 "ing myself? I was judged unheard.

— "NORDENSHILD."

The

This letter he gave to Drake, desiring him to deliver it to the King himself, and likewise to take the charge of the tent and heavy baggage, till he sent him word where to send it. After taking leave of him he mounted his horse, and he and his servants were soon out of sight of the camp.

It is impossible to describe the sorrow Albert's departure occasioned in the army, or the surprise with which it was heard at court. Arno was thunderstruck when Drake delivered him Albert's sword and letter; and how frightened was poor Risa when she heard the news; she was, however, the first that was tranquillised on his account, for Albert wrote to her soon after, and informed her of the whole affair, and inclosed a letter to her that Hector had written the moment he heard of his resignation, which was as follows:

"DEAR ALBERT,

"I PITY our country, for I feel how
 "irreparable your loss is to it, particu-
 "larly at this time; but I cannot blame
 "the

" the step you have taken ; your resent-
 " ment is just, for you were treated in a
 " manner you did not deserve, and which
 " no man of honour could submit to. I
 " repeat my old advice—*patience* ! all will
 " still end well ; for assure yourself, let
 " my father act in what manner he will,
 " I shall ever remain,

" Your sincere friend,

" HECTOR."

Arno was extremely vexed at Albert's
 resignation, and wrote to Casper to desire
 him to try to prevail on him to retake his
 command. But Casper's reply was so far
 from being favourable to his wishes, that
 it only increased his vexation. " No !"
 was his answer, " I shall not write to him
 " about it, for he acted exactly as I, and
 " every honest man would have done in
 " his place. You ask me how you can
 " repair the error you have committed ?
 " that is not in my power to inform you ;
 " the best advice I can give you, is, to
 " have him hanged who advised you to
 " write the order.

" CASPER."

The

The unfavourable accounts that soon arrived from the army, and the blame that was thrown on Arno by all ranks of people, almost distracted him; for as soon as Ufo heard that Albert (whom he had always regarded as his most dangerous adversary) had quitted the service, he moved forward with all his might. Steinacker did all a good and brave general could do to oppose him, but his efforts were less successful than his predecessor's, for he neither possessed the love nor confidence of the army in so great a degree as Albert did; and those who had heedlessly followed him to the posts of the greatest danger, were now become cautious and timid.

Albert was the idol of the soldiers, for he shared their toils, and large as his private fortune and appointments were, they were expended in relieving their wants; this gained their love, and the confidence they placed in him was such, that they thought no power could withstand him; and whilst he was their leader, they fancied themselves invincible, for his very name they knew to be a bugbear the enemy trembled.

trembled at. But deprived of him, their sanguine expectations vanished.

The courtiers blamed Steinacker; the command was therefore taken from that worthy man, whose only misfortune was, to be the immediate successor of Albert, and given to another who was recommended by the minister. He was an interested man, whose principal study was to enrich himself; him the army hated, and under his command every thing went on worse than before.

The enemy had advanced as far as Imwegen, and would have made themselves masters of the town, had not Fust, a young man Albert left there, prevented them. Another division entered Barenau, and were forcing their way into the heart of the country. Thurneisan had been unfortunate in two battles, which exposed one of Arno's finest provinces to the rapine and plunder of a desolating enemy. The army, late under Wastensel's command (for he had lost his life in a recent affair) were almost in a state of inaction, being employed to watch the motions of
an

an enemy, who, although subdued, they did not dare lose sight of, and they were in such a dangerous position as not to be able to force them to a battle.

Hector was at present the only successful general; he was stationed at the northern part of the empire, and did all that lay in his power to save his country from the impending ruin; but owing to his not receiving the necessary reinforcements, his army diminished daily, as that of the enemy increased.

Arno in the agony of despair wrung his hands, and too late execrated his own folly; for he knew if Hector was routed, the enemy would force their way to Nordia, and most likely succeed in their former project of dividing his kingdom. Nordia trembled, and the defeated armies called to Albert for assistance.

In the mean time Albert was amusing himself extremely well at Lusi, a celebrated bathing place, belonging to a Prince who had wisdom enough to preserve his neutrality, and consequently to
 enjoy

enjoy the blessings of peace, although his whole country was surrounded by the flames of discord and horrors of war. His military establishment was nevertheless on so respectable a footing, as to keep the contending powers in awe, and to make them careful of not trespassing on his dominions, as both parties well knew, that to whichever side he inclined, his assistance would be of considerable consequence; both therefore were careful not to offend him. There the trumpet, far from being a call to the hostile field, was an invitation to balls and public amusements; for pleasure was the only business attended to, and to vary the entertainments, the only occupation that employed the minds of the company assembled at the baths of Lusi. Amelia was likewise there, for Albert had advised her at the opening of the campaign to remove to a greater distance from Imwegen; for as it was his intention to penetrate farther into the enemy's country, he thought it likely that the extreme frontiers of Barenau (and her house was situated on them) might be exposed to the plunder
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of

of roving parties of the enemies troops, it being impossible to guard against them; she therefore determined to spend some months at Lusi, which might perhaps be the reason of Albert's fixing on that place to retire to, when he left the army.

There the name of Norden shield made much noise; for the newspapers were filled with accounts of his deeds, and such was the interest every one felt for the man report said so much about, that those who were not personally acquainted with him, wished to be so, and they that knew him were asked a thousand questions about him.

The gentlemen that belonged to the army were unanimous in their praise of his courage and skill, and declared it was extremely fortunate for Arno to have such an able commander. One morning when the company were assembled at a public breakfast in the great saloon, and a gentleman was reading the papers to them, which that morning mentioned Albert's intention of marching against Helming; the company were divided in their opinions concerning the success of that undertaking.

“ I will

“I will bet a thousand against five hundred
 “he succeeds,” said a young Lord.—
 “Done!” said another, who was seated
 on the other side of the table. At that
 moment Albert entered, to the great sur-
 prise of every one in the room; every eye
 was fixed on the handsome stranger, and
 although Amelia almost distrusted her’s,
 she ran to meet and present him to the
 company. That Albert met with the ap-
 probation of the female part of it, is need-
 less to say, although I cannot help repeat-
 ing it, as his doing so affords some com-
 fort to us plain citizens; for Albert wore
 a plain frock that morning, and it was a
 received opinion before, that nothing but
 a cockade and shoulder knot could attract
 female attention. The military part of
 the company pressed round him, and asked
 a number of questions concerning the war;
 but he could not help observing the sur-
 prise his unexpected appearance occasion-
 ed. “I am no longer in Arno’s service,”
 said he, “and the only reason of my com-
 “ing here, is to enjoy the society of the
 “company, and to partake of the amuse-
 I “ments

"ments of the place." Few believed his words, and they racked their brains in vain to discover the reason of it. He, however, did all in his power to convince them his assertion was true, for he eagerly pursued every amusement, and dangled after the ladies from morning till night.

The news soon arrived of the repeated losses of Barenau, but he did not seem to concern himself about them; nor was there any thing he so studiously avoided as politics, and to offer him a newspaper, was the certain way to drive him out of the room; as he could neither sincerely rejoice, nor grieve at any thing that happened, he wished to remain ignorant of them. This resolution banished him from the society of the male part of the company; for war, and the critical situation of Arno's affairs, was the eternal topic of their conversation; the ladies were therefore his only resource; and almost the whole of his time was devoted to them. He endeavoured to conceal the uneasiness his mind suffered, by talking to them on the most frivolous subjects; and often, when his
head

head was filled with sieges and plans for the time when Arno would no longer exist, would be with seeming earnestness give them an account of a new novel, or the fashions that prevailed at Nordia the last time he was there; and more than once did he, with apparent rapture, press a lady's hand to his lips, to hide the glow that covered his face at the reproaching looks the men often directed to him, which seemed to say, how worthless must you be to waste your time in such idle dissipation, when your country has such need of your assistance.

However, the reason of his quitting the service was soon known at Lusi, which sufficiently justified him in the opinion of every man of sense; every one commended him, pitied his country, and blamed Arno. And he had soon an opportunity of giving them convincing proofs of his disinterestedness and honour, by refusing the most advantageous and flattering offers that Arno's enemies publicly made him. "No!" said he, "I will not become a traitor to my country, because its

“ King has offended me ; nor shall I ever
“ forget the injuries you now, through in-
“ trigues more than courage, are enabled to
“ do it—when Arno is dead we shall meet
“ again.” These sentiments improved the
favourable opinion they had already formed
of him, and convinced them of what they
had before suspected, that his levity was
but a mask to conceal his feelings ; but the
ladies thought otherwise, and left no arts
untried to fix his heart.

One evening his servant brought a letter to him in the assembly-room, it was from Maximilian, and his heart bled as he read the lines. “ Valeske was in the right
“ when she wanted a cuirass to guard my
“ back, for we have more than once turned
“ our’s on the enemy lately. Great
“ alterations have taken place in the army
“ since you left it ; but every thing seems
“ to be going on from bad to worse, for
“ the soldiers appear disgusted with the
“ sword they used to flourish with so much
“ pleasure when you commanded them. I
“ believe I shall soon sheath mine and
“ come to you, for if we go on much
“ longer,

“longer, as we have done lately, we shall
 “become a laughing-stock to the whole
 “world.”

Albert could not conceal the pain this letter gave him; he bit his lips, and tore it in a thousand pieces. “Who knows, but the letter you are so inhumanly tearing,” said a lady, who stood near him, “comes from some despairing fair?”—“Despairing enough, on my honour,” said Albert, and threw some of the pieces at her, as he spoke. When she undressed she found one of them in the folds of her handkerchief: “Come to you,” was written on it. The hopes she and many more had formed of making a conquest of him was now over, and with a sigh she told her acquaintance of the discovery she had made. The news communicated like wild-fire, and all the company soon knew, that Count de Nordenchild soon expected a lady to meet him at Lusi. Albert guessed how the report arose, and laughed at the mistake. But it is not the first time that what

originated in jest, ended in earnest—who knows but this may do so?

Had Albert been vain the general approbation he met with at Lusi, would have been extremely flattering to him; every one studied to please him; his taste was adopted, as his manners and dress were imitated; and whatever he proposed was sure to meet with universal approbation: pleasure in her gayest dress courted his acceptance, and he was continually engaged in a variety of amusements. This, with many exaggerated additions, was the account received of him at Nordia; an account that made many, who really loved him, waver in their opinion; for it seemed as if he was celebrating the destruction of his country in bacchanalian orgies; and those who were unacquainted with his reasons, supposed he was become one of the greatest libertines of the age. Arno had written to him several times, and endeavoured to prevail on him to resume his command, and had offered him the vacant Dukedom of Nederheim, with the estate, which

which had fallen to the crown at the death of the late Duke ; but Albert had refused his offers, as well as those which Hector had, by his father's desire, made him.

Arno was in the greatest distress, for the discontents in the army were increased to such a pitch, that a mutiny was with reason feared. The officers complained of want of subordination of the troops, and they of the severity of their commanders. " Give us our late General again, he was our friend, and we will lay down our lives to serve him," was repeated by every one. The same clamour prevailed in the town whenever any unfavourable accounts arrived. " This would not have happened if Nordenschild had sat at the helm," was the universal cry.

" Saddle my horse," said Arno one morning, when the news was brought him of the approach of the enemy, " I will command my troops myself, and either conquer or die." But alas ! his paralytic limbs could only support him to the nearest couch.

The greatest part of the inhabitants of Nordia sought safety in flight, and even Rifa and her sister were preparing to return to their peaceful Hulm. "And will you likewise forsake me?" said Arno, when she told him her intention of doing so. "If you cannot see me conquer, at least stay and see me die: you have nothing to fear." Rifa was extremely agitated as he spoke, and her tears and sobs almost suffocated her. "Rifa," continued Arno, "perhaps it is in your power to prevent my becoming the scorn of the world, and to save my poor subjects from groaning under a foreign yoke. I am convinced of your affection, and know you will be pained by any misfortune that may befall me, even should it be the means of promoting your happiness."—"God forbid!" said Rifa hastily, "that I should ever wish to purchase happiness at your expense. No! rather than do so, I would renounce it for ever!"—Arno laid his trembling hand on her shoulder, and looking earnestly at her, said, "Do you think you have power enough over

" Albert's

"Albert's heart, to move it in my favour?
 "Will you go to him, Rifa, and try what
 "your influence will do? Tell him I am
 "convinced of the injury I did him, by
 "my unjust suspicions; that I have long re-
 "pented having entertained them, and
 "that his King and friend asks his pardon,
 "and begs of him to resume his command,
 "and animate my dismayed troops with
 "his presence; for such is their love to
 "him, that they will follow where he
 "leads, and he alone can at this time save
 "my country from ruin, and prevent my
 "grey hairs from sinking with shame and
 "sorrow to the grave. Tell him, Rifa,
 "(and he hesitated, but soon recovered)
 "tell him, that if he returns victorious to
 "Nordia, as I have no doubt of his doing,
 "his King will immediately, as a proof of
 "his gratitude, reward him with Rifa's
 "hand."—"Give me his sword," said she,
 kissing the King's hand.—Arno asked her
 if she really expected to succeed; "For my
 "own part," continued he, "I have little
 "hope of your doing so, for I fear he will
 "remember I am near eighty, and there-

“fore cannot be an obstacle to his wishes
 “much longer.”—“Give me his sword,”
 replied Rifa, “Albert is much too gene-
 “rous to harbour such a thought; I think
 “I should despise him if he could. I will
 “set off immediately, and hope, in five
 “days, he will be at the head of your
 “army.”

What pleasure did the before-desponding
 Arno receive from Rifa’s assurances; they
 revived his fainting spirits, and with the
 aid of fancy, he again saw his troops re-
 turning victorious into Nordia’s gates.—
 “Go, my child,” said he, embracing her,
 “and since you will not accept a crown
 “from my hand, let me at least present you
 “with the next best gift in my power, the
 “preserver of my fame, and saviour of my
 “country.”

Two hours after, Rifa, attended by
 Flit and another servant, left Nordia. They
 were often in danger of stumbling on the
 enemy’s advanced posts, but Flit was an
 excellent guide, and was as well acquainted
 with the roads, as with the taverns and
 gaming houses in Nordia.

On

On the evening of the second day, a beautiful youth, dressed in a plain grey furtout, entered the card-room at Lusi, and amused himself with going from one table to another, and looking at the players. The attention of a jeweller was attracted by a ring of immense value the stranger wore, which by no means corresponded with his dress; and his eyes were alternately fixed on the ring, great coat, and lovely face of the wearer. "What value may your ring be of, Sir?" said the jeweller (no longer able to contain himself)—"I do not know," said Rifa (for I suppose my readers will guess it was her) "but, perhaps, you can inform me?"—"I can do so exactly," replied he, "but the reason of my remarking your ring is, its being exactly like one a gentleman here has."—Rifa inquired who the gentleman was? "Count de Nordenfchild," replied he; "look, that is he in the blue silk coat, that is dancing with the lady in mourning." Rifa asked if he was the Count of that name, who had lately quitted the King of Barenau's service.—"Yes,"

said he, "and his only employment now
"is, to turn our ladies heads; they are all
"in love with him, but I believe he only
"amuses himself with them; for although
"polite to all, he seems to prefer none."—
"He would be a fool if he did," said an
old officer, without looking from his cards;
"he is better engaged, I can tell you."—
"I wonder," said another, "if the Land-
"gravine is as handsome as she is reported
"being?"—"The devil take me," replied
the first, "if she is not the finest woman
"I ever saw in my life." Rifa was con-
fused, and left the table: the jeweller fol-
lowed her, and continued admiring the
ring. "As soon as the dance is finished,"
said he, "I will call the Count to look at
"it; I dare say it will surprise him as much
"as it has me."—"It is unnecessary to
"call him," replied she; "if you wish
"to shew it him, I will lend it you—here
"it is." The jeweller at first refused taking
it, on account of its value, and his being
an entire stranger; but she pressed him
to do so, and assured him she had not the
least doubt of his honesty.—"But sup-
pose,"

“pose,” said he, “the Count should take
 “a fancy to it, and wish to purchase it.”
 —“I have no objection to dispose of it,”
 replied she, smiling, “if I can get a good
 “price for it.” The jeweller assured her
 since she placed so much confidence in him,
 he would take care to make a good bar-
 gain for her; and as soon as the dance was
 over he went with it into the saloon, fol-
 lowed, as he thought, by the owner, whom
 he had desired always to keep in sight.
 The jeweller thought the Count was seized
 with a sudden fit of madness; for as soon
 as he saw the well-known ring, he hastily
 exclaimed, “Where is she?” and without
 waiting for an answer, ran across the room
 in the greatest haste, almost pushing down
 every person he met. Amelia followed him,
 and was nearly as impatient as himself, to
 embrace the owner of it; but she whom they
 sought, was no where to be found. Albert
 soon met the jeweller, and had recovered his
 senses enough to inquire who had given him
 the ring?—“A very handsome lad,” replied
 he; “I have been looking for him ever

“since I left you, and have just been told
 “he is gone down the avenue, but suppose he will soon return.” Into the avenue Albert and Amelia ran; but she soon found her breath would not keep pace with his, for he out-ran her, and she was forced to lean against a tree to recover herself; when a youth suddenly jumped from behind another, clasped his arms about her, and almost stifled her with kisses. “Do you know me, dear Amelia?” asked a melodious voice.—“Good God! “the Landgravine!”—“Hush, hush!” replied she, “I am Count d’Espera; but “was that Albert that just ran down the “walk?” and on being assured it was, she followed him as quick as lightning.—Being arrived at a part of the walk where the path separated, he paused for a moment, undetermined which to take: this delay, and her cutting across the corner of a field, when she saw which way he fixed on, gave her an opportunity of reaching the walk before him, and concealing herself behind a tree, gave him a tap on the shoulder as he passed.—“You are very inattentive,
 “Sir,”

"Sir," said Albert, "to trust a ring of so much value in the hands of an entire stranger: permit me to return it you; but at the same time I must beg of you to inform me by what means it came into your power, it being of great consequence to me to know." But before he had done speaking, a laugh discovered the imposture, and Risa was in his arms.

She had amused herself, during her journey, with planning a number of tricks she intended to play him, and how she would torment him and Amelia, before she discovered herself; for which purpose she had put on this disguise, that entirely concealed her figure, and had chosen this walk for their first interview, where the faint glimmering of a few dim lamps was only sufficient to make darkness visible, and would, therefore, render it impossible for them to discover her features. But the sight of those she loved had such an effect on her, that she forgot the fictitious part she intended acting, and found it impossible to suppress the pleasure she felt. Surprise and joy absolutely made Albert reel; his head was giddy,

giddy, the world seemed to turn round with him, and for a moment he was deprived of the power of utterance. When their first transports were a little abated, "Albert," said Rifa, "I am an ambassador from Arno: your country calls to you for assistance!"—"But before I answer its calls," replied he (laying his hand on his heart) "these wounds must cease to bleed."—"Let us go, and look for Amelia now," said she, "we will talk more about it another time."

They met her in the walk, and after having settled, that Rifa was to be called Count d'Espera, and to pass for a relation of Amelia's, who was come to pay her a visit, they returned to the house together: they were met at the door by the honest jeweller, who was impatiently waiting their return, he being afraid that Albert would lose the ring, in the bustle he was in when he left him, but was satisfied when he saw it on Rifa's finger.

Albert presented her to the ladies by her assumed name. She was extremely well received by them; nay, some, the first moment

moment they saw her, began to form plans for besieging the handsome stranger's heart, although most of them immediately saw thro' the disguise, and believed her to be the female whose arrival they had for some time dreaded. D'Espera, in the politest terms, begged the company's pardon for appearing in his travelling dress, and after going down one country dance with Amelia, complained of fatigue, and, taking leave of the company, retired with Amelia and Albert to the former's lodgings.

Rifa's unexpected arrival caused much wonder at Lusi, but the received opinion was, as we said before, that it was a female in disguise; and the officer who had before so loudly praised the Landgravine's beauty, declared the incognito was no other than herself, and cursed his stupidity for not discovering it at first. The next day convinced them of the truth of his assertion; but they were polite enough to adopt the etiquette usual at most watering places, of receiving the company under whatever name and character they chuse to be known by; and as long as she wished to be called

Count

Count d'Espera, she had nothing to fear from their intrusion.

Having settled this weighty matter, we will wish the company a good night, and follow our amiable group to Amelia's apartment.

There, with folded arms, and down-cast eyes, we shall find our lovers sitting on the couch together; Albert's sword lying on the table before them. Amelia had just quitted the room, to order an apartment to be prepared for her charming guest. "Has
 " nothing power to move your heart?" said Risa; "are you deaf to Arno's sighs,
 " and the groans of your country? can
 " you refuse to grasp your sword, although
 " your King, convinced of the injury he
 " did you, asks—nay entreats your par-
 " don and assistance? and I am to be your
 " reward!"—Albert, without raising his eyes from the floor, said, "I look on my
 " enemy's employing you, as a refinement
 " of their malice, for they know I can re-
 " fuse you nothing; and now, in their
 " distress, they promise that which, when
 " they

"they no longer need my assistance, they
"never mean to perform. Besides, they
"well know, by leading me into so dange-
"rous a path, there is but little probabi-
"lity of my living to claim it; and to get
"rid of me, at any rate, is their wish.
"Rifa, dear Rifa! (embracing her) why
"did you suffer yourself to be employed?"
Rifa, wiping away the tears that rolled down
her cheeks, said, "I wish I had not come,"
but recovering herself, added, "Your
"country, Albert!"

Albert. "Does not move me—and are
"you really weak enough, Rifa, to believe
"all that Arno says?"

Rifa. "Your heart would have been as
"much moved as mine was, had you seen
"that unfortunate oppressed old man."

Albert. "The promises that unfortunate
"old man makes, the victorious King
"will never think himself bound to per-
"form; and even supposing he should,
"have you considered how difficult the
"task is you desire me to undertake? how
"much bad work I shall have to repair,
"and to how many dangers I shall be ex-
"posed,

“posed, before I shall be able to claim the
 “promised reward, which Arno will then
 “reluctantly give, and which, perhaps, had
 “I only waited till the next day, would
 “have been presented to me by Hector,
 “with a smile.”

Rifa. “It is very true, Albert; but in
 “the mean time your country bleeds!”

Albert. “But suppose I should bleed,
 “Rifa, what will you say then?”

Rifa. “My widowed heart will mourn
 “your loss through life! yet will I exult-
 “ingly say to your rescued country, it was
 “I who gave him you!”

“Rifa, you are irresistible,” said Albert,
 snatching up his sword, and going towards
 the door to call Buxar. He was met at it
 by Amelia, who was surprised at his serious
 looks, and the regimental sword in his
 hand, and Rifa sitting on the couch lean-
 ing her head on the table. “You will
 “doubtless wonder, Amelia,” said he, “to
 “see your friend a volunteer again; but
 “for Heaven’s sake let no one know that
 “(pointing to Rifa) is a recruiting officer;
 “for you know how strictly recruiting is
 “forbid

"forbidden in this country." Amelia sighed, and seated herself by Rifa as Buxar entered.

The flames that consume a thatched roof in a high wind, cannot spread so rapidly as the glow of pleasure on Buxar's countenance did at the sight of Albert's sword.— "What! what! what the devil!" stammered he, "going! well done," pressing his cap on his forehead, as he spoke, as if preparing for his journey.

Albert inquired if his servants were all well, and his horses in good condition? "All hearty," replied he, "we are ready to set off at a minute's warning. Thank God we are going to leave this stinking nest; I never was so tired of any place in my life; I believe I should have died if I staid in it much longer."

Albert had left his tent and field equipage at a friend's house at Ellernau, he therefore ordered Buxar to tell Bushman to set off for that place, as soon as the moon was up, and to get his baggage packed, and in readiness by the time he arrived. "Stiri and the groom may follow him with
" the

“the horses,” continued he, “as soon as
“it is light to-morrow; and do you pack
“up all my cloaths, except my uniforms,
“and send the trunks here, the Countess
“de Prascha will be so good as to take the
“charge of them; and as I do not wish to
“be at Ellernau earlier than to-morrow
“evening, I shall not set off till after din-
“ner; therefore be in waiting with my
“horse, at the bottom of the avenue, by
“three o’clock.”

The sound of Albert’s words were more harmonious than music to Buxar’s ears; he ran, or rather flew across the room, to execute his master’s orders. As he was shutting the door, Albert called him back: “Send Flit to my lodgings,” said he, “and
“I desire my intention may not be talked
“about, nor any bustle made when the
“men go.”

Albert seated himself on the couch, between his two fair companions, and throwing an arm round each of them, affectionately embraced, and pressed them to his bosom; but suddenly jumping up, he said,
“I shall now neither enjoy rest nor com-
“fort,

"fort, till my example animates the sink-
 "ing courage of my countrymen, on Wil-
 "bury Plain: may our efforts be power-
 "ful enough to save our country! Weep
 "not, Amelia (continued he) for should
 "its success be purchased with my life,
 "it will be cheaply bought: in that case
 "you will lose a sincere friend; but Risa,
 "—————" and he turned out of the
 room as he spoke, to conceal his agita-
 tion.

Long did those two amiable women con-
 tinue seated on the couch; they looked at
 each other, their tears flowed, but words
 were denied them; for each wished to com-
 fort the other, and each found she was in
 need of consolation.

As soon as Albert returned to his lodg-
 ing he dispatched Flit to the camp, with
 the news of his having resumed the com-
 mand, and at what time they might ex-
 pect his arrival there: he likewise gave
 him a letter for the General, which con-
 tained some private orders. It was late be-
 fore this necessary business was finished,
 when, restless and uneasy, he threw him-

self on his bed ; but instead of finding the expected repose, the remaining part of the night was spent in painful reflections, broken slumbers, and restless and uneasy dreams.

Albert heard with pleasure the next morning, that Risa had determined to pass some weeks at Lusi with Amelia, if the company was polite enough to allow her to do so, by concealing their knowledge of her rank, and not plaguing her with ceremony, which she detested. They walked to the well, drank the waters, and breakfasted at the rooms. Risa acted her part so well the whole morning, as not once to betray herself ; but if she had, it would not have been noticed ; for “ none are so blind (as the old proverb says) as those who are determined not to see.” But Albert’s appearing in uniform was a matter of wonder ; the men formed various conjectures about it, some of them pretty near the truth : the ladies were divided in their opinion ; but what is really surprising, most of them thought his plain clothes became him better than his uniform.

The

The morning passed agreeably enough, Albert was in his usual spirits, and at dinner invited all the company to a *fête* he intended giving the next day. Amelia sighed as he spoke, and Rifa, who had often during the dinner, looked at her watch, complained of a violent cold she had caught in travelling, which was meant as an excuse for the frequent use she made of her pocket-handkerchief. "Why so dismal, Amelia?" said Albert, in a whisper to her, at the same time pressing her hand; "I know you wish me to deserve and gain Rifa."—"Yes!" was her reply, and as she spoke the clock struck three.—Albert pushed his chair back, and rising, said, "I must take leave of you, ladies and gentlemen, for I have again enlisted into Arno's service." Every one jumped up, as he spoke, and Buxar passed the windows with the horses. "I hope," continued he, "you will be my guests to-morrow, and honour my farewell entertainment with your presence; the Countess de Prascha will be so obliging as to preside at it, and I hope my little friend, d'Espera, will do all in
" his

“his power to prevent your missing me. I
“beg you will accept my thanks for every
“mark of esteem and friendship you have
“honoured me with, during the time I
“have been here, and hope we shall meet
“again next summer happier than we now
“part.” The company was astonished,
and grieved at the suddenness of his departure, and a tear started into many a bright eye. Albert had some difficulty to extricate himself from the company, for there was no end of their adieus and good wishes, and when he did, they all followed him to his horse. “Success! success to you!” said they; “we shall now, with double impatience, expect the arrival of the newpapers.” Albert thanked them, and, waving his hat in the air, galloped away, with d’Espera, who had offered to ride a league with him. D’Espera soon returned, and so composed and cheerful, that some doubts again rose concerning her sex; for the ladies thought it impossible for a female to conceal her feelings on such a trying occasion; for she was the first that proposed dancing in the evening, and did
what

what she could to dispel the gloom that hung about the company.

The next day a magnificent entertainment was given, and d'Espera particularly desired the master of the rooms to spare no expense, but to let the dinner be as elegant as was in his power to give. Nor was the poor and infirm part of the company forgotten, many of them were maintained there by the charity of the affluent; and others, to gain the means of recovering that greatest of all blessings, health, had disposed of their last effects, and thereby deprived themselves of the means of procuring their future subsistence. No one had thought on these unhappy people except Risa; but to alleviate the sufferings, and relieve the distress of the unfortunate, were always her first study. They therefore were likewise invited, and as the day was very fine, she ordered their entertainment to be given in the garden. After dinner she proposed to the company to walk in it, which was immediately agreed to; she and Amelia led the way; but they were surprised at the concourse of people

they saw come running or hobbling towards them, to thank their kind entertainer for his goodness to them. The company stared, surprised at this excess of generosity, and the English Lord swore by his Maker that he fancied himself in his own country, where such noble deeds were not uncommon. No doubt now remained in any bosom of d'Espera being the Landgravine, who was as celebrated for her humanity as beauty. "Sit down," said she, "and finish your dinner, and amuse yourselves afterwards as well as you can; I will take care that nothing shall be wanting that can contribute to your satisfaction." They attempted to thank her, but she prevented them by saying, "It is not I that treat you, but the gentleman who went away yesterday to the army—with him success!" and she turned from them as she spoke, to conceal a tear, for many of them folded their hands, and lifted up their eyes to Heaven, as if praying for his happiness.—"What the handsome Count?" said an old man, "that went away yesterday afternoon; so, he's

“he’s gone to the army again—well, God
 “bless him wherever he is—he was a
 “friend to the poor—many a florin has he
 “given me.”—“And that you may have
 “something to comfort you to-morrow as
 “well as to-day,” said the Lord, “take
 “this,” throwing a handful of guineas
 into his hat. Risa threw a rouleau of du-
 cats into it, that she had put into her
 pocket for that purpose, as did Amelia
 another; their example was followed by
 every one, who gave more or less accord-
 ing to their inclination or abilities; but it
 was a general observation, that the liber-
 tine and gamester were the least boun-
 “tiful. Let the money be equally divided,”
 said Risa, as she left them; it was so,
 and the share each received, enabled
 them to return home with cheerful hearts,
 and with renewed health, to pursue their
 different vocations with pleasure; and the
 anniversary of this day was gratefully cele-
 brated by many, who, years after, experi-
 enced the benefits they had received on it.

Nor was their benefactors joy less sin-
 cere, for the satisfaction they felt at hav-

ing done a good deed gave a double relish to every pleasure. It was late before the company separated, and the parting toast was, "success to our friend, the worthy Nordenschild!"

Albert was met about a league from the plain where the army was assembled, by his aid-de-camps, and the general officers of the different regiments, and never was any commander received with such sincere demonstrations of joy as he was by the army as he galloped into the plain. "Welcome, welcome, General!" was shouted by every one. Albert felt the most innate satisfaction at the pleasure his return gave, and drew the most favourable prognostic from it. He returned their salute in the most friendly and affable manner, and shook many of his old comrades kindly by the hand; but when he reflected where he left them, and where he found them, he could not conceal his indignation, but suddenly pulling in the reins, and turning to them said, in an ironical, or rather angry manner, "Thus far you are
safely

“safely returned, I see.” The reproof was directed to the officers as well as privates; they all felt it, and were silent, except an old grenadier, who lifting his lips with shame and vexation, said, “but now you are come, we will advance again.”--“How far?” said Albert.--“To Helwing, or as far as you will lead,” replied he.—“God send you may keep your word,” said he, and rode on. “To the right!” said he to his regiment, and returned their salute without saying another word. “And you likewise fled at the approach of the enemy,” said he to Rifa’s regiment, making a halt, “I had a better opinion of you, and little thought you would have acted in so disgraceful a manner. Colonel,” continued he to Maximilian, who just then rode up to him, “I intend giving you the command of a regiment of recruits, they will do you more honour than those you now command.” How many hearts palpitated at that moment with shame and anger! One unable to contain himself, said, “Only suspend
M 3 “ your

“your opinion of us, General, till after the next battle.” Albert looked at them in a contemptuous manner, and shrugging his shoulders, rode on. He then attended a council of war in the General’s tent, and communicated his intentions to the officers.

To hasten to the relief of Imwegen was what must be immediately attempted, but before they could do so, they must beat Ufo, who was posted with his army between them and that town. Albert’s dispositions and arrangements did not seem to intend doing either, and the intricacy of his proceedings were such, as entirely to puzzle Ufo, who could not guess what he meant by his marches and counter-marches, which seemed to him to answer no purpose; but his eyes were soon opened, for one morning as early as the first dawn of light presented distant objects to the view, the alarm was given in his camp that the enemy were approaching. “It can be no other than Nordenschild,” said Ufo, when he saw the order and determination with which they advanced.

“But

"But how could he get here?" continued he. He was, however, soon convinced it was no other, and his army trembled at his very name.

The newspapers were now greedily devoured at Lusi, and the following paragraphs were soon read with pleasure there:

"The 17th instant the army commanded by Ufo was unexpectedly attacked by Nordenfchild, and after a battle which lasted twelve hours, was entirely routed." The next paper brought the confirmation of the agreeable news, with this addition: "The 19th, Nordenfchild was fortunate enough to relieve the garrison of Imwegen; his appearance there was so unexpected, and his power so predominant, that the army which had so long blockaded that town, was forced to retreat at his approach in the greatest confusion, with the loss of the greatest part of their cannon, tents, and baggage."

One may imagine what pleasure this news gave to the friends Albert had left at Lusi, particularly to Amelia and Rifa;

the latter could hardly contain herself for joy, and often nearly forgot her assumed character; nay, I will not swear that she did not once, when the company was loud in his praise, say, "my Albert did it."

He now pursued Adelson, who, with an army equal to his own, had entered Barenau; and when we say he went, it seems almost superfluous to add, he conquered; for his presence animated his troops with courage, as his very name intimidated his enemies. He was now perfectly reconciled to his army, and publicly commended and thanked them for their gallant behaviour in the two last battles. Risa's regiment particularly distinguished itself, and the enemy felt how anxious it was to expunge the stain their character had received. I own it seems improbable that the presence of a single man should have so great an influence on a whole army, and should myself be tempted to doubt the truth of it, if I had not received the assurance from disinterested persons, on whose veracity I can depend.

depend. Another might have fought with the same bravery, and formed plans with the same caution and wisdom as he did, and yet not have succeeded in the execution of them as well as he; as we had the example in Steinacker's case, and that for no other reason than his not possessing the love and confidence of the army to so great a degree as Albert did; and useless is every refinement of policy in a commander, if the troops refuse to execute what they devise. The impression his name made, soon became more conspicuous; for one of the allied powers, on hearing that Nordenchild had retaken the command, and how successful he had been in the two late affairs, sent to propose a separate peace to Arno; the terms were agreed to, and his troops were withdrawn. The army that had been employed against him. were therefore clear gain to Arno, half of them were sent to the assistance of Hector and Thuereisen, and the other half to Imwegen to join Tuft, which was to form Albert's corps de reserve, with

whose assistance he intended to strike the decisive blow.

But Ufo had recruited his scattered troops much sooner than Albert thought it possible for him to do, and was marching against him with two armies, superior to his in numbers, and which had, besides, the advantage of being fresh and healthy troops, whilst his were worn by fatigues and hardships. One of the armies was stationed between him and Tuft, so that without fighting his way through, he could receive no assistance from him. He would not have hesitated doing so, had he not known he should thereby expose Barenau to the invasion of the other army; he did not therefore dare alter his position, for by doing so, he should expose his country to the most imminent danger; a battle he perceived was unavoidable, for Ufo was pressing forwards as fast as possible to force his way into Barenau, and Albert's army was the only obstacle to prevent his doing so. Albert saw and trembled at the danger his country was exposed to, for every thing depended on the fate of
this

this battle, and his resolution was taken, either to conquer or die. Yet cruel as his situation was, it neither deprived him of his spirits nor presence of mind. As he found he could not attack with advantage, he waited till the enemy chose to do so, and in the mean time to let his army recruit their health and spirits by rest, and to render their position as advantageous as possible. His example animated the army—they bid defiance to the enemy, and only hoped he would not keep them long in waiting. Albert encouraged them by ordering money and provisions to be distributed amongst them. “Eat, drink, and be merry, my comrades,” said he, “for we shall have less time to amuse ourselves after the battle than now.”—“And perhaps,” replied one of them, “less appetite.”—“Let that be as it will,” said another, “here is health, and long life to our noble General; and let that old rogue, Ufo, come when he will, he shall find us ready to receive him.” Ufo, notwithstanding his superiority, acted with the greatest caution, for he knew what a

subtle enemy he had to deal with, and the power desperation gives; he therefore did not think it adviseable to attack him immediately, but endeavoured to weaken his force by continual skirmishes, and by various arts to lure him to a position less advantageous than his present. But his movements and pretended designs were unheeded by Albert, who was not thrown off his guard by them, and was determined to adhere to his resolution, of not moving a step. Ufo was therefore at last forced to determine to put an end to the inaction of his army, by meeting his enemy in the hostile field. Nordia was in the greatest distress; most of the inhabitants had left the town; but Arno could not yet be prevailed on to do so, but his valuable effects were packed up and ready to be sent away at a moment's warning. His situation was truly deplorable, for he endured all the horrors of suspense—unwilling to go, yet afraid to stay—trembling for himself, his country, and friends, did his restless days and sleepless nights succeed each other.

But

But every one will judge of the dreadful effect these sad tidings had on Risa, for Albert was now become the object of universal pity at Lusi; the papers declared there was not the least probability, nor hardly a possibility, of his extricating himself out of his present dangerous situation, and according to all appearance his whole army was lost. Nor were the accounts Flit brought, of a more satisfactory nature; although Albert always sent her word he was well, and perfectly safe, for the two last times he was in camp, he had found Albert so much engaged, that his name written with a pencil, on a piece of paper, and once scratched with a pen-knife on his coat button, were all the answers he had time to send her.

Flit was sent again to the camp, and Risa, who had expected his return the whole evening, in a state of the most restless inquietude, threw herself on the bed, and counted the lingering moments till he came. As the clock struck twelve, she heard him pass her window; she jumped
up

up and ran to meet him. Rifa started when she saw him, for although Flit possessed a tolerable share of British phlegm, he could not conceal the uneasiness he felt. "Have you a letter?" said she; Flit shook his head. "Nor even his name?" and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she spoke. Flit said, the General sent his compliments, and that he was very well, but had not time to write. But Rifa questioned him till he owned the truth, which was, that both armies were preparing for battle, which was to be the next day. "Bring my horse!" said Rifa, gasping for breath, and ran up stairs as she spoke. The next morning Amelia found a note directed to her, lying on Rifa's table, she opened it, and nearly fainted as she read the following words:

"I can support the agony I am in no longer; I must see Albert, and if he dies, die with him.

"Farewel, Amelia."

Amelia inquired if it was not possible to overtake her, and prevent her putting her design

design into execution, but at that time she was many leagues from Lusi—perhaps not far from Albert.

As Rifa approached the wished, yet dreaded spot, she was almost stunned by the roaring of the cannon, and the shouts of the armies. Flit often looked at her with surprise, thinking she would turn back, but she rode after him with as much composure as if she had been taking an airing, although more than once a cannon ball fell at no great distance from them; and often were they forced to penetrate deeper into the wood, to escape by the swiftness of their horses, at the hazard of their lives, the pursuits of straggling parties that were roving about. Many times was she in danger of being buried in a precipice that she was forced to leap, or of being dashed to pieces if her horse's feet had slipped, as she climbed a scraggy mountain; for there was no other way of getting to Albert than this, which might almost be called impassable. Rifa's hands and face were torn by the bushes, but that she did not attend to, and the

the only impatience she shewed, was to be with Albert.

At last, after experiencing innumerable dangers and difficulties, she perceived an opening in the wood, and pressed forward to gain it, and to her great surprise, found herself in an immense plain (which was the field of battle.) "My God!" said Risa, "where am I?" As the position of the army was entirely changed, Flit did not know which way to turn, nor whether he was amongst friends or foes, for the air was so darkened by the smoke, that it was impossible to distinguish distant objects. The earth trembled under them, and the most dreadful shrieks and screams increased every step they advanced. For safety they therefore kept close to the skirts of the wood, and were going to re-enter it, on seeing some horsemen galloping towards them. But before they did so, Flit looked back, and saw it was a detachment of Albert's hussars. "Where can I find your General?" said he.—"Every where," was the reply; and one who knew him, inquired if he had a mind

to

to taste the German bullets.—“How they
 “will rattle on your bare bones,” said
 another. The officer, who had not before
 noticed them, turned and looked at them,
 and seeing the Landgravine, whom he im-
 mediately knew, ordered them to halt,
 and riding up to her, begged she would
 return, assuring her she would expose
 herself to the greatest danger if she ad-
 vanced a step farther.

Risa, without attending to his words,
 inquired where Nordenschild was? “I
 “left him,” said he, “on that rising
 “ground, where most likely he is still;
 “but I beg your Highness will not ven-
 “ture to go there.”—“If you had ever
 “loved,” said she, “you would not at-
 “tempt to prevent me.”—“If I had ever
 “loved! Heaven alone knows the pain I
 “at present feel for the agonies my dear
 “Marianne suffers on my account, which
 “are rendered more acute by her being
 “obliged to conceal them.”—“But why
 “must she conceal them?” inquired Risa.
 “Her father is a nobleman,” replied he,
 “and I have neither rank nor fortune
 “to

“to recommend me to his notice, for this sword is all I possess.”—“What is your name?” said Rifa. He told her it was Albani. “If we live,” said she, giving him her hand, “I will do all in my power to gain her father’s consent, and believe I may venture to promise Marianne shall be your’s as soon as you return to Nordia.” He kissed her hand, and expressed his gratitude in the most lively terms, and offered to escort her to his General. “No!” replied Rifa, “I am certain that would be contrary to your orders; do your duty.” Albani galloped away with his hussars, and she and Flit rode close to the side of the wood till they approached the spot where she expected to find Albert. She soon saw him standing on the hillock Albani had directed her to, and at a little distance from him part of her regiment that composed his guard. Although in a field of battle, Rifa felt happy, for she was with Albert; that thought made her forget every danger, and conquered every fear. She rode towards him, he looked up, and seeing

seeing the Landgravine, exclaimed, "Risa! for God's sake why did you come here?"—"To die with you," replied she, but which in all probability he did not hear, for his thoughts were too intensely fixed on what was going on in the valley, to attend to any any thing else. "That is of no consequence! look there!" speaking to his aid-de-camp, "the grenadiers suffer dreadfully! Hartiveg's dragoons must force the lines." The aid-de-camp galloped away as soon as he had done speaking, and Risa looked towards the spot Albert had pointed to, the wind at that moment dispersed the smoke, and the horrors and confusion of the battle presented themselves to her affrighted view. Albert at that moment looked at her, and seeing her turn pale, said, "the ball-room at Lusi is a more agreeable place than this; I dare say you wish yourself there again, but I beg of you to leave this place immediately; it is still in your power to do so, but perhaps it may not be so much longer; if you love me, prove it by returning to

"Lusi."

"Lusi."—"No!" said she, "I am determined to remain with you!"

In the mean time his aid-de-camps returned, panting for breath, and as well as their horses, covered with blood, dust, and sweat; he dispatched them with the greatest composure, and then rode a little farther up the hill; Rifa kept close to his side. "Rifa!" said he, "I beg, I conjure you to return; your being here distresses me more than I can express, for you needlessly expose yourself to danger, and give me the greatest pain; I beg you to return."—"Inseparable! is our motto," said she, looking at him with infinite tenderness. "I cannot, indeed I cannot leave you." A frightful noise, not unlike the rattling of hail-stones in a high wind, was heard on the left, and on the right a most dreadful cannonade. The trembling Rifa alighted, and leaning on her saddle, looked as if she expected her sentence of death to be pronounced by the aid-de-camps, who came galloping towards Albert from all parts. "What was that!" said he.—"Both wings are
"fur-

"surrounded," was the answer. The information did not derange him, for he with the greatest composure ordered them to change their position, and cost what it would to gain the opposite eminence. One of the aid-de-camps horses fell, while Albert was speaking to him, he threw himself on another, without seeming to notice it, and hurried away. The paleness of death was spread on several of their faces; some fell fainting with the loss of blood from their horses, as they were waiting orders; and others galloped away, although hardly able to keep their seats. A loud whistle was heard at a distance, which Albert knew was a signal for him to change his place; he did not, however, attend to it, although his friends reminded him of his present position being extremely unsafe. Had he recollected at that moment that Risa was standing close to him, he most likely would have attended to their advice, but his attention was then so much engaged, that he entirely forgot that she was leaning on his saddle. His friend Drake came galloping towards him

him in the most furious manner, and just as he was going to speak, a cannon ball tore him from his horse. Risa shut her eyes, unable to behold the dreadful fight; besides the weight of the air oppressed her, and she trembled as if in an ague fit.—“Poor Drake!” said Albert, looking at the lifeless body, “I have lost a brave and “worthy friend.”—“Poor Selina!” sighed Risa. She desired they would tie up his wound, and try to recover him; but all assistance was vain, for the ball had entered just under his right arm, and passed through his body.

Buskman was the next Job’s messenger that arrived; he brought the melancholy information, that the army, which was stationed between them and Imwegen, was advancing to attack them in the rear, and that the first division was already in fight. “That was what I feared,” said Albert, pressing his hat deeper on his forehead; “now, Ufo, you must either give way, or “march to Nordia over our dead bodies! “Ah Risa! Risa! what dæmon put it into “your head to come here? you cannot

"remain with me, upon my honour you
 "cannot; for should you even escape the
 "sword and bullet, you must be trampled
 "to death by the horses." Cuirassiers"
 Maximilian, and his detachment, answered
 his call with the velocity of a whirlwind.
 "All I can do, and perhaps that is more
 "than I ought," continued he, "is to di-
 "vide these with you, and my country.
 "Hulmers (to them) this is your Landgra-
 "vine, do what you can to rescue her:
 "and to you, Maximilian, I resign the
 "care of all, all my soul holds dear,
 "except my country. My happiness is
 "comprised in her safety: need I add, she
 "is your Valeske's sister; and if you save
 "her, Prince, (he reached his right hand,
 "in which he held his sword, to him as he
 "spoke, and laid his left on his heart) you
 "may depend on my performing the reso-
 "lution I have at this moment taken; a
 "resolution fixed and unalterable. Take
 "half of the detachment, Colonel, and
 "try to force your way through with her,
 "and as soon as you have succeeded in
 "bringing her to a place of safety, return
 "to

“to me. I in the mean time will fill up
 “that gap with the others. Rifa, mount
 “your horse—Buxar, fasten my sword.”

Buxar, who had stood close to him the whole time, did so, without speaking a word, whilst Maximilian was dividing the troops.—“Is there no possibility of my
 “remaining with you?” said Rifa, and the tears rolled in torrents down her cheeks as she spoke.--“None!” replied he; “remember, Rifa, what you lately said to me, at
 “Lusi—your country calls! At that time
 “I could have witnessed its destruction
 “without dishonour, now I cannot, and
 “hasten to obey its calls; therefore, Rifa,
 “farewell,” and he embraced her as he spoke. Buxar assisted her in mounting her horse, and kissed the hand she held the reins in. Maximilian told her afterwards he saw him drop a tear on it; if he did, it was a parting tear, for Buxar saw her no more! Albert tore himself from her embrace, and galloped away. Maximilian took the passive hand of the almost senseless Rifa, and ordered the troops to surround them; but before they could do so,
 she

she recollected herself, and snatching her hand from the Prince, followed Albert.—“Albert! Albert!” screamed she, “where shall I meet you again?”—“I do not know,” said he. “March!” The trumpet sounded. “March! march!” was repeated, when, spurring their horses, they galloped on, and clouds of dust soon concealed them from her sight.

Rifa’s courage now entirely forsook her; she felt as if she was alone in the universe, and great was the anguish she endured; for Albert’s last words, “I do not know,” had penetrated her very soul. The relief tears afford the harassed heart, was denied her; she did not weep, but her hands and eyes were lifted up to Heaven, imploring its assistance; and never were more fervent prayers addressed to its throne, than Rifa’s at that instant. Maximilian reminded her of Albert’s having entrusted her to his care: she gave him her trembling hand; the troops surrounded them, and they rode in search of that safety, it was now too late to find: nor did Maximilian know which way to turn to seek it,

in places devoted to death and destruction. To the right were unfathomable precipices, and a pathless wilderness, which he knew to be a lurking place of hordes of migratory vagabonds, the hope of plunder had drawn there; who, with levelled pieces, were lying in ambush, ready to destroy any unfortunate fugitive, who might be tempted to seek refuge in it; there death was inevitable. To the left was the enemy's country; in front the army, that was advancing under Southampton's command; behind them the field of battle! dreadful choice! yet many were the attempts he and his brave cuirassiers made, to force their way through different passes; they fought with the courage of lions, and exerted every effort to save their beloved Landgravine. Blood flowed in streams where their heavy sabres fell, and almost every stroke separated a soul from a body. However, the contending party were too numerous, and valour was at last forced to yield to superior power. The different skirmishes they had been engaged in, and particularly the last, where they with diffi-

culty

culty extricated themselves, had considerably diminished their number; and those that remained were fainting with wounds and fatigue: nor had Maximilian escaped better than the rest, for he had received a violent flash across his left cheek, and was likewise wounded in the hand; and one jaded horse fell, with its rider, after the other. Long did they stray in this miserable manner, seeking in vain an opening through which they might escape; for Risa had made Maximilian promise, after the last affair, not to attempt forcing his way through again. "For much blood has been shed on my account already," said she. "Oh! my God! why did I come?" Maximilian did all in his power to comfort her, but the sight of his streaming wounds increased her agony, and she made use of all the eloquence she was mistress of, to prevail on him to let her seek Albert in the crowd, and expiate her fault, by dying by his side. In this situation they were met by Stutz and Bushman, who informed them, the enemy had just withdrawn themselves from an aperture they

would lead them to, thro' which they might escape. In their way they passed the place where she first met Albert; her eye met Drake's bleeding body. "Stop!" said she, jumping from her horse, "if I live to see Selina, I will give her a proof of my affection, by making her a valuable present. Maximilian, lend me your sword." He gave it her, and she, with a trembling hand, took the bloody sabre, and, shuddering as she did it, cut off a lock of Drake's hair, which she put into her bosom.—"I will have something to remember him too," said Stutz, pulling his watch out of his pocket; "for if I leave it, the first that comes will take it."—"Give me the watch," said she; "and here, take mine for it."—"Does your Highness chuse to have this ring," said Bushman; "look! what a pretty girl's picture is set in it." Risa looked at the ring; it was Selina's portrait. "Worthy, amiable Drake!" said she, "your Selina was ever in your mind, as her image was in your sight. Farewell, best of husbands! most affectionate of fathers, farewell! all that

" that is in my power shall be done, to
 " comfort your afflicted widow. Perhaps,
 " (and her tears almost suffocated her as
 " she spoke) her case is, or will soon be
 " mine; if it is, we will weep together.
 " Bushman, I beg you will take care he is
 " decently buried, and (continued she) I
 " am a hundred ducats in your debt for
 " this ring."

They now followed Bushman, who was
 obliged to take a different way from that
 he had intended doing, as the armies had
 drawn themselves more to the left; and
 the cannonade, which seemed to shake the
 very centre of the earth, was more violent
 than ever. With streaming eyes, and di-
 shevelled hair, loosely flowing in the wind,
 and fainting with thirst and fatigue, did
 Risa follow her conductors, by the side of
 the wood, till they descended into a little
 valley, that led to the place of their ex-
 pected deliverance: towards the end of it,
 they saw some horses standing, and their
 riders, and a few soldiers stooping, or
 kneeling on the ground. Although they
 were at a considerable distance they heard

the words, "Make haste! make haste! bring my horse!" Maximilian and Risa immediately knew the voice to be Albert's, and flew, like lightning, to the spot it proceeded from. They found Albert sitting under a tree, and a surgeon dressing his wound; which, on examination, proved to be much slighter than was at first apprehended.

The fight would have affected Risa much more violently at any other time than it did then, for she was in a manner stupefied, or at least her feelings were blunted by the variety of agonizing pangs she had endured, and scenes of horror were become familiar to her. "My God!" said she, throwing herself on the ground by him.—"You are not in safety, I see," said Albert; "this was wanting to complete my uneasiness: could you not succeed, Prince?" Maximilian assured him, they had made a number of unsuccessful attempts on the other side of the plain, and were now endeavouring to find an opening on this. "But," added he, "do not make yourself uneasy; for
" as

“as long as I live, Rifa is safe!”—“Let your wounds be dressed,” replied Albert, “for you bleed prodigiously; and tell me if the report that Southampton is advancing, is true?”—“Yes,” said Maximilian, “we fell in with a detachment of his van guard, and had the greatest difficulty to hew our way through.”—“Then make haste,” said Albert to the surgeon, “we have no time to lose: how tedious you are.” The surgeon told him he must have patience, till he could extract the ball. “Squeeze it out,” replied he, “I am not afraid of pain, or leave it in till afterwards: pour some of your fluids on it, to stop the bleeding, and tie it up—make haste, I say (impatiently shaking his hand) bring my horse!” Rifa, who sat trembling by his side, begged he would let her go with him. “With me!” said Albert, foaming with rage, as he spoke; “Whoever wishes to meet certain death, must keep close to me. Rifa, I am surrounded by assassins; two horses were shot under me, and my poor Buxar murdered by my side,

“and that by Hardi!”—“Hardi!” repeated Rifa.—“Yes,” continued he: you
 “always disliked the villain, without being
 “able to assign a reason for it—how
 “are your fears verified! My attention
 “was excited whilst I was in the midst of
 “the crowd, by the report of a pistol behind
 “me, and Buxar’s furiously exclaiming, ‘there
 “you dog!’ I looked round, and saw him
 “bury his sabre in Hardi’s heart, who at that
 “moment fired the second pistol at me; but
 “it is impossible to say, in the confusion I
 “was in, whether it was he who wounded me
 “or not. They fell together, and I saw no
 “more of them, for at that moment my horse
 “dropped. I called for another, and would
 “have mounted it, but was absolutely brought
 “here by force, to have my wound dressed:
 “thank God it is my left arm, and that I
 “am still able to serve my country. Bring
 “my horse, come! (to the people that surrounded
 “him) let us be gone.”

“Dreadful, dreadful!” said Rifa, folding
 “her hands, and looking up to Heaven. Albert
 “fixed the point of his sword in the ground,

ground, and leaning on it, was raising himself up; at that moment one of his aid-de-camps came galloping towards him, and waving his hat as soon as he saw him, shouted "Victory! victory! Ufo is dead, and his whole army in confusion!" Albert let his sword drop, and throwing his arm round Risa, said "This moment I will devote to you;" but jumping up almost immediately, and going towards his horse, said, "We must follow them as fast as possible, that their bleeding backs may make it impossible for them to deny their retreat. Let Swanecker, with the left wing, march against Southampton; he will find the batteries that are thrown up, of great use to him."

The aid-de-camp rode away, and Albert, turning to Maximilian, continued; "Colonel, I thank you, and never shall I forget what I owe you, nor the resolution I formed in the hour of danger, which I hope will soon enable me to acquit part of my debt of gratitude to you; you have nobly defended Risa, even at the hazard of your life—do let your

"wounds be dressed, and remain with her
 "here till I return, which I shall do as soon
 "as I see how affairs go on with Southamp-
 "ton; for I believe I may venture to say,
 "we have no further danger to apprehend.
 "I will not part with you now, Rifa; you
 "must stay till the victory is decided, that
 "you maybe able to say, you were present at
 "the whole of a battle. In the evening I
 "will conduct you to Amelia's house, and
 "have no doubt of your sleeping well in
 "her bed."

He embraced her, his attendants helped
 him to mount his horse, and he galloped
 across the plain, as fast as the weakness he
 felt, would permit him. Rifa and Maxi-
 milian seated themselves on the ground to
 wait his return.

The agreeable news of the enemy being
 entirely defeated, was soon confirmed, with
 the addition, that as soon as Southampton
 heard of Ufo's death, and the defeat of his
 army, he had endeavoured to return with
 his, over the mountains; but his haste to
 do so had thrown them into the greatest
 confu-

confusion, and given Swaneecker an opportunity of overtaking them, and doing considerable damage to his rear guard, which was forced to seek shelter in the woods, with the loss of the greatest part of their cannon, ammunition, and baggage.

Albert soon returned to the impatient Risa, and after they had taken some refreshments, which he had ordered to be brought, he proposed to her to walk over the spot where the battle had been fought. Risa shuddered when she saw the number of slain, and the agony of those that lay weltering in their blood, just expiring. "It is not enough to conquer, and rejoice," said he, pressing her hand, "you must likewise see, at how dear a rate, victory is bought." It was easy to discover the spot where Albert fought: he ordered the soldiers that stood about to look for Buxar's body: they found it covered with wounds, and his sabre, which he grasped so fast, that it was forced to be wrenched from his hand, was still in Hardi's bosom. It is probable, from the number of wounds he had received, that his strength was exhausted at

the time he saved his master's life; but on seeing the attempt made, he had suddenly collected every vital spark, and had been his deliverer even in the agonies of death.

"Lay him by Drake," said Albert, "they shall be buried together, for they were both my friends;" and he wiped away a tear as he spoke.—"Here is a letter, Sir," said Stutz, "that was in Hardi's pocket."—

Albert opened it, and immediately knew the writing to be Teresa's! but how great was his indignation, when he read the following lines, written by that worthless woman, to the man who was under the greatest obligations to him:—"You are in the wrong, to think the promised sum will be lessened, or retarded, because you failed in your first attempt—the best marksman does not always hit, and let the knowledge of there being more bullets in the world comfort you. Nor will opportunities be wanting, as he is again returned to the army: the next attempt I hope will succeed better. I beg you will assure yourself, that you will not only oblige me, by persevering in your design,

“design, but our court will likewise think
 “themselves under the greatest obligations
 “to you; and I am commissioned to in-
 “form you, that in case you are suspected,
 “or find yourself in any danger, you will
 “be gladly received, and a safe asylum of-
 “fered you here.

“TERESA.”

“Curfed woman!” exclaimed Albert,
 “this dog was most likely the assassin,”
 continued he, “that wounded me at Im-
 “wegen. Villain, villain! worthless as I
 “have long known you to be, I little
 “thought you so entirely abandoned, as to
 “sell your honour and your country for a
 “paltry sum, you would have lost at the
 “next gaming table. Poor Berda! how
 “will your heart be rent, when you hear
 “the relation of his crimes—his memory,
 “instead of being dear, will fill you with
 “horror.”—“Nor is he the only one,”
 said the trembling Rifa, who had taken the
 letter from him, and pointing to the other
 side, that he had not observed in his pas-
 sion. “Look here!” he did so, and read
 the following words:—“I have enclosed
 “a draught

“ a draught for five hundred ducats, as
 “ you tell me, you have engaged some
 “ friends in your interest: you are right,
 “ two or three are more likely to succeed
 “ than one.”—“ Scandalous! infamous!”
 said Albert, handing the letter to the offi-
 cers that stood near him. “ Can Barenau’s
 “ officers and nobles stoop so low, as to
 “ sell their Generals to the enemies of their
 “ country? I intend sending this letter to
 “ the King, that he may see by what sort
 “ of people I am surrounded.”

The officers were extremely hurt, by the
 scandalous suspicion they lay under, and
 did all in their power to clear their cha-
 racters, by discovering Hardi’s accom-
 plices; but, as after the strictest inquiries,
 none could be found, it is most probable
 his saying so, was only a pretence to extort
 more money; and they cursed the villain in
 the grave, who, to gratify his own avarice,
 had branded them with so infamous a
 stigma.

“ I have conquered! and that in so
 “ complete a manner,” wrote Albert to
 Arno, “ that I flatter myself your Majes-
 ty’s

"ty's rest will not be again disturbed. But
 "that you may see how many difficulties
 "I had to encounter, I inclose a letter that
 "was found in Hardi's pocket, in whose
 "heart my brave Buxar plunged his sabre,
 "at the moment he was firing his second
 "pistol at me. I have only received a
 "slight wound in my left arm, but cannot
 "say, whether it was by the villain's fire
 "or not. I hope the letter will free your
 "Majesty's mind of the distrust it has so
 "long harboured of me; and that you will
 "pity rather than blame him, who, in the
 "moment he was fighting your cause, was
 "fold to his, and your enemies. My
 "courage is nevertheless unabated, and I
 "intend to march against Helwing, as soon
 "as I have entirely dispersed Ufo's army:
 "nord do I yet know whether I shall treat that
 "town with as much consideration as I
 "formerly intended; for an enemy who
 "can stoop to such despicable means, de-
 "serves no mercy. Our loss has been
 "considerable, but the enemy's much
 "more so, as you will find by the official
 "returns

“ returns that will be closed to-night, and
 “ dispatched early to-morrow morning.

“ The Landgravine paid me a visit to-
 “ day, and was in the field during the
 “ greatest part of the action: she is now
 “ seated on the cannon on which I am
 “ writing: but I believe, as it was the first,
 “ it will likewise be the last visit of the
 “ kind she will ever make; for besides the
 “ danger she was exposed to (from which
 “ Prince Maximilian with difficulty saved
 “ her) she finds much to terrify, and but little
 “ to amuse her here. She desires me to
 “ present her duty to your Majesty, and
 “ to inform you, that she intends to return
 “ to Nordia, as soon as possible, as she is
 “ impatient to embrace her ever kind and
 “ indulgent parent. As soon as victory is
 “ fixed, I intend to conduct her to the
 “ Countess de Prascha's seat, Rosenau,
 “ which she intends leaving early to-mor-
 “ row morning, for Lusi; and from thence
 “ she intends returning immediately to
 “ you.

“ ALBERT:

Albert

Albert called for Flit, to ride as fast as possible to Arno, with this letter; but Flit was no where to be found: after a long search, somebody perceived his rozenante fastened to a palisade, and Flit lying as fast asleep on a broken cannon, as if it had been a bed of down. Flit, on hearing himself called, jumped up, rubbed his eyes, and was on his horse in a moment. As soon as he had received the letter, and Albert's orders, he spurred his horse, and, galloping over the dead bodies, pursued his way to Nordia.

Towards the close of the day, the dragoons that had followed Ufo's army returned, as did the infantry soon after; and Albert saw with sorrow, how considerably those fine regiments had suffered, as he rode along their front, and thanked them, in the name of their King and country, for the bravery they had shewn, and the service they had done them. He and Risa afterwards returned to the place where Drake's and Buxar's bodies were laid, to be present at their interment, which was during the time the victory was celebrated, which afforded

afforded as majestic and awful a spectacle as imagination can well form. "Long life to Arno!" was the first shout, accompanied by the roaring of the cannon; and, "to our worthy commander!" the second—the cuirassiers, whose turn it now was, brandishing their glittering sabres in the air, cried, and "to our Landgravine, Risa." The whole armed joined in the salutation, and the extensive plain echoed with the triumphant shouts. Albert's heart was moved; nor could Risa conceal the emotion her's felt: they pressed each other's hand, and repeated their vows of unalterable affection; and at the same time communicated to each other the intention that each had separately formed, which, by being the same, was a proof of the sympathy that existed between them, of resigning power and dominion, and only seeking happiness in each other's arms.

But great as the successes of this glorious day had been, they were not yet complete, but were soon crowned by another desirable event; for all at once, a most violent cannonade was heard on the other side of the

the mountains. "That is Fust," said Albert; "he is come to render our victory perfect." Some detachments were immediately sent to gain intelligence, and when he returned from Rosenau, where he himself conducted Risa, had the satisfaction of hearing, that Fust had followed Southampton with almost incredible speed, and had gained a complete victory over him; and that he was now on the march to join Albert.

The next morning Fust and his army descended the mountains that led to Bredenfels. Albert rode to meet him, and the two heroes with their united forces, soon poured, like an inundation, into the enemy's country.

Risa, attended by Bushman, and escorted by a party of dragoons Albert sent to guard her, till she reached the peaceful frontiers, rode with a slow pace and aching heart, till she gained them; for the occurrences of the preceding day were ever present to her mind. She arrived safe at Lusi. Amelia weeped for joy when she saw her friend,

friend, and forgot in her embrace the agonizing hours of suspense she had passed, during the time she was away. "I have seen a battle, Amelia," said Risa, shuddering, "and I am certain no object nature can produce, can be half so dreadful—in the midst of it stood Albert. This is a lock of Drake's hair; I cut it off for his wife, with Maximilian's bloody sword. Oh! Amelia! how much have I suffered since I left you (trembling) nor can I think how I supported it—such frights, such terrors—my God! And whilst they were celebrating the victory, Amelia, Albert and I formed a resolution, that we intend executing as soon as we can; our intention will surprise you, but I am certain it will meet with your approbation."

Risa excused herself from appearing in public, on account of fatigue; but the hours she passed with Amelia flew so rapidly, that they seemed but minutes; for she was as desirous of relating, as her friend was to hear, and often was the painful pleasing story repeated. Flit returned as soon

soon as it was possible for him to do so, with a letter from Arno to the Landgravine, in which he so earnestly pressed her to return immediately to him, that she could not refuse doing so, although she would gladly have remained another day with Amelia. Amelia severely felt the loss of her amiable friend, and the only comfort she now enjoyed was hearing the praises and commendations that were bestowed on Albert by the company, in whose successes they took a sincere part.

Arno forgot his age and infirmities, and a youthful glow flushed his hollow cheek, whilst listening to Risa's relation. Valeske trembled at the dangers Maximilian had been exposed to; but she felt proud when she reflected on her lover's being the rescuer of her sister. The inhabitants of Nordia were loud in their praises of Albert, whom they called the deliverer of their country.

Albert was not unlike what he was once compared to—a flash of lightning; for he was sudden, irresistible, powerful, and terrific to his enemies. As he never allowed
a de-

a defeated army time to recover, there was soon none capable of meeting him in the open field; but, like frightened deer, they fled at his approach, and sought safety in their fortified places. As he had no longer any thing to oppose him, he left sufficient forces to guard those places; and with the flower of his army marched, for the third time, against Helwing, which he had no doubt of soon subduing, as it could receive no assistance from its allies, their armies having suffered almost as much from Hector and Thurneisen, as Ufo had from him. Albert was therefore in hopes to have marched undisturbed to its gates: but he was mistaken; for a small but valiant army issued out of the town, and did all that courage could, to prevent his accomplishing his design; but their efforts were useless, for after a battle of several hours, they were forced to resign the field, and Helwing, to Albert's conquering arm. It was in this affair that a remarkable occurrence happened, that surprised him at the time, and Sophia still more, when he related it to her; but we shall have more time to talk about

about it when we are quietly settled at Nordia, and will therefore follow our hero at present to the siege of Helwing. He had approached and surrounded that town, after the last battle, with so much haste, that even the King had not time to escape. After in vain summoning the town to surrender, he ordered a bomb to be thrown into it, which falling near the palace, shewed in what manner he intended to rap at its gates; and a hundred twelve-pounders that immediately followed it, and destroyed the great battery that was thrown up in the royal pleasure ground, was a sample of what was to follow. The inhabitants were in the greatest distress, for they had several reasons to fear he would shew them but little mercy, and every resistance they could make they knew would be useless, and only serve to irritate him more; they therefore determined to try to move his heart in their favour, and to prevail on him to spare a town and country, for the sake of its innocent inhabitants, who would otherwise suffer for the faulty conduct of their King. This was Albert's vulnerable
side,

sifted, and he whom neither flattery nor power could subdue, was conquered by pity and magnanimity. The peasants, an honest, industrious race of people, Albert ever loved, sent a deputation to him, who, with uplifted hands, prayed for peace. He was likewise surrounded by the inhabitants of the suburbs, whose houses would have been first consumed by the all-devouring flames; who, with the most humble and pathetic expressions, begged he would spare them, and their possessions. A lovely girl, in the name of the citizens, presented a laurel wreath, in which was entwined a palm branch, the emblem of peace, to him, on her knees; and wiping away her tears, said, "You have hitherto been our
" most dreaded enemy, prove yourself the
" most generous, by giving us peace."—Albert looked at her and the numbers that implored his mercy, and his heart was moved. "Be it so!" said he, sheathing his sword, which was already pointed to give the order to the cannoniers to fire; "as far as it depends on myself, I will grant
" your request."—"Your King will refuse
" nothing

“nothing ^{you} ~~they~~ ask,” said ^{you} ~~you~~, at the same time shouting their gratitude and thanks. “Do you assure the citizens,” said he to the weeping girl, and kissed her as he spoke; “and you the countrymen,” shaking an old farmer’s hand, “that it is entirely on their account I relinquish the advantages that are now in my power; it is for your sakes I put up my sword, which was drawn to make your King feel Duke Arno’s (as he once contemptuously called him) power.” He dismissed them, with these assurances of his pacific intentions, and immediately wrote to Arno the following letter :

“SIRE,

“THEY sue for peace! and I own I felt happy when force was in my power, to say I will not use it; and I am certain your Majesty will think as I do, that it is generous to spare a subdued enemy, and grant their request. You know with what inveterate hatred I marched against this town; I thought at that time, nothing but its destruction

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“could

" could appease my wrath; but my ran-
 " cour is now changed to pity, and I am
 " the first to beg you will give them peace,
 " if it is only to force those, who have
 " hitherto only feared, to love you, and
 " that admiring nations may say this was
 " Arno's greatest victory, for it was the
 " conquest of himself.

" I beg your Majesty will return me the
 " letter Teresa wrote to Hardi; for to let
 " her know I am acquainted with her base-
 " ness, is the only revenge I mean to
 " take.

" ALBERT."

Arno, who felt his end approaching,
 willingly consented to Albert's wish, and
 immediately sent him power to settle the
 preliminaries, and promised to send an
 ambassador to sign the treaty, as soon as
 he had invested him with power and in-
 structions for that purpose.

During the time that peace was nego-
 ciating, Albert was invited in the politest
 manner to the court of Helwing, and
 likewise to be present at some councils
 that

that were to be held relating to it. He accepted the invitation, contrary to the advice of many of his friends, who endeavoured to dissuade him from trusting himself in the power of such recent enemies. To Helwing, therefore, Albert went, accompanied by Fust, and escorted by a small party of horse guards; the populace received him with the loudest acclamations of joy, him whom they now called their friend and benefactor; and those who were determined to say nothing else in his praise, were forced to allow he was one of the handsomest men they had ever seen, and expressed as much surprise at his elegant figure as they did at Fust's (who was remarkably tall and athletic) gigantic size. Albert's behaviour at court was such as became a conqueror, and Arno's plenipotentiary and he let them feel, that the fate of Sambria's once haughty, but now humbled monarch, depended on the magnanimity of his King, whose greatness of mind he took frequent occasions of extolling; yet repugnant as his manners were to the high and mighty, they not

only bore them with composure, but overwhelmed him with civilities and offers of friendship. The ladies now ceased to wonder, that Teresa, notwithstanding the hatred she bore him, always mentioned his name with a kind of enthusiasm, and they envied her for having once been the object of his affection, which she proudly boasted of, and owned, perhaps, more than the truth.

Arno's ambassador at last arrived, and the treaty of peace so advantageous to Barenau, was signed by this court, as well as by its allies, and by the caution that was used, it promised to be lasting. A number of entertainments was given on the happy occasion, and as they were principally on Albert's account, civility obliged him to stay and partake of some; his doing so was disagreeable to him, but it was a sacrifice he was forced to make. At them Albert laid aside his character of hero, and assumed that of the polite courtier; he begged the ladies pardon for having disturbed their morning slumbers with his bombs, and interrupting their pleasing
dreams

dreams with the noise of his cannon; and they in return joked with him about the romantic girl to whom he had given the kiss of peace; but I believe many of them, if they had spoken the truth, would have had no objection to have been in her place. Albert inquired who the girl was, and on being told her name was Harriet Smith, and that her father was a schoolmaster in rather indigent circumstances, he sent for them both. Harriet's beauty, which he had not noticed before, and innocence, surprised him; he made her father a handsome present, and dismissed them with assurances of his friendship; and on his being informed afterwards that the girl had an admirable voice, but that it was not in her father's power to cultivate that pleasing talent, he sent her an harpsicord, and ordered an able music-master to instruct her at his expense.

At court, every opportunity was sought, although none had hitherto been found, of forcing him to accept a favour; as soon, therefore, as it was known that Harriet had attracted his attention, her father was

sent for, and a beneficial place given him. Albert felt by the manner of its being done, it was a compliment paid him, he was therefore forced to do what he wished to avoid, receive an obligation from those whom he disliked.

But numberless and flattering as the attentions shewn him were, none equalled those he received from Teresa; he received them with the same politeness as the others, but they had not the power of making him forget his intended revenge. On the day fixed for his departure, he was invited to dine at court, and he accepted of the invitation, on condition his Majesty would permit him to retire early, and unnoticed; nothing he asked was denied, and a numerous company were invited to be present at this last interview. Albert, seemingly by chance, placed himself opposite Teresa, and when the desert was almost over, he handed her a covered plate across the table, she received it with a smile, thinking it was some little gallantry he was shewing her. But, Heaven! how was she surprised and terrified when she

she saw Hardi's letter ! her hand sunk, and the glow of her cheeks made even her rouge look pale, but yet she attempted to smile. Some ladies that sat near her, inquired what was in the plate. "A letter," said Albert, with the greatest composure, "that the lovely Countess wrote to a relation of mine some time ago, and which chance lately threw into my hands. I beg your pardon, charming Countess," continued he to her, "for not having returned you the letter sooner, but owing to the multiplicity of business I have lately been engaged in, it almost escaped my memory. I believe it to be unnecessary to advise you not to publish the contents ; it is sufficient that you and I are informed of them, for as the letter was found in an officer's pocket, you know it was my duty to read it." So saying, he rose from the table, and bowing to the company, and profoundly to the confused Teresa, left the room, and mounted his horse that was waiting for him at the palace.

lace gate. This was Albert's long meditated revenge.

When he was at some distance from the town, he turned, and pointing to it, said to Fust, "what a nest of devils that is!"—"But we left one angel in it, at least," replied he. Albert looked at him, not having comprehended what he meant, and Fust owned to his friend the impression Harriet's charms had made on his heart. Albert wondered at Fust's confession, for he had always fancied his heart composed of too hard a substance, to be vulnerable to the shafts of beauty; he now perceived his mistake, and had soon the satisfaction of seeing that honest man the happy husband of the deserving Harriet.

Albert did not now dare refuse complying with Arno's desire of returning to Nordia at the head of his conquering army, and he felt with the most innate satisfaction, that he should have no cause to blush at the honours and applauses he should be received with, he therefore impatiently, as his heart urged him to hasten
his

his return, was forced to proceed with slow marches to that place, as he was to meet Hector and Thurneisen on an appointed day on Wiburg plain, they being to make their *entré* into Nordia together. The meeting of these three heroes afforded a glorious fight; they congratulated each other on their various successes, whilst the armies shouted, "Success to our country!" and, "long life to our King!" and they then joyfully proceeded on their way to Nordia. For leagues before they arrived there, the road was crowded by country people, who forming a line on each side, welcomed them with loud huzzas as they passed; as they approached the town, they were met by the King's guards, who received them with the cheerful and triumphant sounds of trumpets and kettle drums. As they advanced still nearer, bands of youths and maidens presented laurel wreaths and garlands of flowers to them. At the gates of the city, deputations from the different towns in the kingdom, presented to them the thanks of their grateful country.

It is impossible to describe the sensations that passed in their bosoms during the different scenes I have just related; sensations that the patriotic heart can only feel, and which empty words can only convey a very inadequate idea of. The streets they marched through were strewed with fresh-gathered flowers, and either a silent tear, or a loud huzza, welcomed them from every side; the cannon that were on the ramparts, as well as those that surrounded the fortrefs, were fired, and the band of musicians belonging to the guard who preceded them played, "Praise the Lord, O my soul!" till they arrived at the palace gates, where Arno leaning on his crutch, stood to receive and welcome them. He was surrounded by his ministers, and a number of officers, who had been wounded during this war, and were now recovered, and those whom age and infirmities had prevented taking an active part in it. Casper would gladly have been present, but he was become so very infirm as not to be able to leave his arm-chair without assistance, but the pleasure
he

he enjoyed at Grieffenhorst, although less turbulent, was not less sincere than if he had been at Nordia. Risa, like Casper, rejoiced in private, for she had refused Arno's invitation of being at court when the troops arrived; she stood at her window with her sister and Sophia as the procession passed, and threw a kiss to Albert and the two Princes, as they did in return. First came Hector, then Thurneisen, and last of all Albert, each general heading the army he had commanded, and preceded by the artillery and standards they had taken during the war, and heralds carrying the keys and arms of the towns and fortified places they had added to Arno's dominions; they were presented to him by the bearers, with the swords of Elrick and Ufo.

The faces of most of the troops bore the marks of their bravery, many of them were still covered with fresh wounds. Arno saluted them as they passed him, and said, "Kings must honour such faces," whilst they with tumultuous joy shouted, "Long life to great Arno! we will willingly

“shed our last drop of blood in his service.” Albert did not stop, he bowed his sword to the King as he passed him, and went on with his army. The officers soon returned to pay their respects to Arno, he received them in the most grateful manner, and thanked them for their services in the most flattering terms; but he particularly distinguished Albert, Hector, and Maximilian. “Now go to your respective homes,” said he, “and reap the joys that await you, I expect to see you at court to-morrow, that I may publicly reward, as far as lies in the power of an infirm old man, your services; but, indeed, merit like your’s it is difficult to reward.” They went, some to their families, others to their lovers and friends. Thurneisen alone remained with the King. “I will stay with you,” said he, “for you are my eldest friend, and my country the only family I have. I know your Majesty will give me a glass of wine,” laying his hat and sword on a table, “for I am almost choaked with dust.”

Words

Words were unnecessary to communicate Albert's and Maximilian's intentions to each other; they, without speaking, spurred their horses, and soon arrived at the Landgravine's palace. At first they seemed to be playing at ball with the three ladies, so rapid was the transition from one arm to the other, and they embraced with equal rapture which ever threw herself into them.

Poor Sophia was no gainer by their recovering their composure, for then each couple was too much taken up with themselves to pay any attention to her, and she had the usual fate of odd persons on such occasions. It is uncertain how long she would have remained in this neglected situation, had not Albert suddenly recollected a commission he was charged with to her. "Sophia," said he, turning from Risa, and embracing her, "does this kiss say nothing? Does it give you no particular pleasure? it was sent you from the field of battle." Sophia started, and her mind seemed filled with the most pleasing hopes. Risa and the rest approached them, and Albert continued his relation.

"In

“ In the last affair that happened near
 “ Helwing, when I thought myself com-
 “ plete master of the field, some squa-
 “ drons of the enemies horse fought with
 “ such bravery in a valley at some dis-
 “ tance from where I stood, that I was
 “ forced to hurry to the assistance of my
 “ people ; the enemy were, however,
 “ soon forced to give way to our superior
 “ power ; as they were retreating, I saw a
 “ very handsome young man force his
 “ way through the crowd towards me,
 “ and I was so much struck by his appear-
 “ ance, that although a foe, I could not
 “ help feeling a kind of affection for him,
 “ and determined, let his intention be
 “ what it would, to do him no injury.
 “ (Sophia’s attention increased as Albert
 “ spoke ;) however, I was forced to be
 “ on my guard, for his sword seemed
 “ sharp, and flew about like lightning.
 “ As he approached me, he took his sword
 “ into his left hand, and offering me his
 “ right, which I immediately accepted,
 “ said, ‘ when you return to Nordia, give
 “ Sophia de Stemberg a kiss, and tell her
 “ Herman

" Herman sent it her ! " But the quickness
 " with which the whole affair happened,
 " exceeds description, for before I had
 " time to answer him, he had hewn his
 " way through our troops, and joined
 " his. Herman, said I, calling after him,
 " I shall be glad to speak to you some
 " other time. ' I will meet you at Grief-
 " fenhorst some time or other,' replied he,
 " and mixing with the crowd, I saw no
 " more of him."

Sophia, who had sunk into Rifa's arms
 while Albert was speaking, fell on her
 knees, and joyfully exclaimed, " God be
 " praised ! Herman ! my Herman, shall
 " I see you again ? but why did you not
 " bring him with you ?"—" If he had
 " come with us," said Albert, " he would
 " have been our prisoner, and he did not
 " look as if he chose to make his appear-
 " ance in that character. But tell me,
 " Sophia, how he came to be so well ac-
 " quainted with you, and what business
 " he has at Griefenhorst ?" Sophia hiding
 her face in Rifa's bosom, said, " I beg of
 " you not to ask me, I should be the most
 3. " unhappy

“unhappy of beings if he did not know,
 “and the most ungrateful, was I to in-
 “form you how he came to know you,
 “and what his business at Grieffenhorst
 “is. You are happy now, Count de
 “Nordenschild,” continued she, “and I
 “am willing to flatter myself we shall
 “all be so some time hence, and then
 “when you are acquainted with every
 “circumstance that concerns me, recol-
 “lect this moment, and think what pain
 “it must have cost me to be silent, when
 “a single word would have put me in
 “possession of every happiness this world
 “has to bestow.”

Albert looked at her with silent won-
 der, and pressed both her and Risa to his
 bosom, but Sophia's fears soon returned,
 for she recollected he might have fallen in
 this or some other action; but Albert re-
 moved her fears by the assurance that he
 had ordered the strictest search to be made
 for him amongst the slain, without finding
 him; and as the truce had taken place im-
 mediately after, not a mouse, much less a
 man,

man, had fallen by their arms after that day.

Hope and content filled our lovers hearts, and although their fate was not yet decided, each thought themselves near the attainment of their wishes, and fondly cherished the pleasing hope, that since so many seeming insurmountable obstacles were already removed, they should some time or other attain them. Maximilian was again with Valeske, that was a height of happiness beyond which her thoughts had never soared, and which now she was in possession of, almost made her giddy. Maximilian determined to persevere in the service of his country, and hoped in time it would reward him with an establishment, such as his future merits, and Prince Louis's son had a right to expect, and thereby enable him publicly to demand Valeske's hand; and he by anticipating the happy moment, enjoyed all the pleasures a youthful and creative imagination could bestow. Sophia knew Herman was living, and that he had received, and under-

understood the intelligence she had sent him; and Risa pressed Albert's hand when he told her the King had promised to reward his friends the next day.

That day, every one that had a right to appear at court, hurried there; each bosom fluttering with expectation, for Arno's munificence on such occasions was known to be boundless. Risa dressed in the plainest manner, but insisted on her sister's appearing in the most magnificent, and wearing her jewels; on Valeske's objecting to do so, Risa laughed and said, "but you must, for who can tell what you may be before you return."

Arno was seated on his chair of state, under a canopy of crimson velvet, trimmed with broad gold fringe and tassels; on his right stood Risa, Valeske, and the Princesses of his family; on his left, Hector, Maximilian, Albert, Thurneisen, and the rest of his generals; fronting him, stood the rest of his officers, to whom Arno distributed orders, and other marks of his esteem and friendship; he likewise declared his intention of appointing a fund towards

towards the support of the widows and orphans of those who had fallen during the war. "But we will settle it in the cabinet to-morrow," continued he, "as it is too late to undertake a business of so much consequence now, as I still have some necessary affairs to settle here. General de Nordenschild, I am greatly in your debt," continued he, "and wish to discharge it as far as lies in my power." Albert bowed, and modestly stepped back, which Arno perceiving, said, "let not this public testimony of my approbation and gratitude, which you so well deserve, confuse you, for I should deserve to be called ungrateful, was I to suffer worth like your's to pass unnoticed. Hector has fought for himself and country, and as all I have is his, it is not in my power to offer him any recompense. Thurneisen, you are too old to receive any pleasure from titles or riches, therefore I do not offer them you; continue my friend (shaking his hand) and constant companion, as long as I live, nor shall death separate our dust;

"Casper's

“Casper’s, your’s, and mine, shall mould-
 “der together, one vault shall contain us;
 “you were the companions of my youth,
 “nor did you forsake me when overtaken
 “by age and infirmities. To you, Nor-
 “denchild I owe much, for you have not
 “only greatly contributed towards rescu-
 “ing my country out of the claws of a
 “cruel foe, but you have likewise ex-
 “tended my dominions. I shall therefore
 “now with honour descend to my grave,
 “instead of sinking into it with shame and
 “sorrow, and I am glad to have the
 “power to reward you in a manner
 “agreeable to your wishes, and equal to
 “your deserts. Risa!” rising from his
 seat, and taking her hand, which he put
 into Albert’s; “be as happy as I wish
 “you, and,” continued he, “if after my
 “death, Barenau’s enemies should grum-
 “ble at your being master of Hulm, your
 “friend Hector will assist you in silencing
 “them.”

Hector congratulated him, and assured
 him in the most friendly and positive
 terms, that he might depend on his rati-
 fying

fying the engagement his father had made.
 "Your Majesty honours me much by
 "thinking the success of your arms is in
 "some measure owing to me," said Al-
 bert; "permit me to say, I have only
 "done my duty, and you have rewarded
 "me in a manner equal to my most san-
 "guine wish, and far exceeding my me-
 "rits. But at the time I am overwhelmed
 "with your bounty, I feel how much I
 "owe to Prince Maximilian, who was
 "the preserver of my Risa; and if your
 "Majesty will allow me to discharge the
 "debt, it will convince you it was her-
 "self, not the heiress of Hulm, that was
 "the object of my wishes." Risa kissed
 the King's hand and said, "I beg your
 "Majesty will accept my grateful thanks
 "for this and every other mark of parental
 "affection you have bestowed on me,
 "they will ever be present to my mind,
 "nor shall I ever cease thankfully to ac-
 "knowledge them; but at the same time
 "I must beg of your Majesty to accept a
 "proof of my gratitude. You heard what
 "that proud man said just now, that the
 "heiress

"heirefs of Hulm was not the object of
 "his wishes, I will therefore," taking her
 "sister's hand, and leading her to Arno,
 "give Valeske Hulm, and hope your Ma-
 "jesty will bestow Maximilian on her.
 "Hulm will lose nothing by the exchange,
 "for I am certain Maximilian and my
 "sister will have the welfare of their sub-
 "jects as much at heart as Albert and I
 "should ; but I shall be considerably the
 "gainer, by having it in my power to
 "fulfil the wish of my King, without do-
 "ing the least violence to my heart."
 Arno looked at them for some time with
 silent astonishment and visible pleasure.
 "How blind have I hitherto been," said
 he, "to mistake hearts like your's. Hea-
 "ven bless you all, my children!" and he
 presented Valeske's trembling hand to
 Maximilian as he spoke ; they both stood
 mute with wonder, unable to utter a word.
 "To be able to contribute to your Majes-
 "ty's happiness," said Albert, "will greatly
 "add to our's, as the reflection that by be-
 "stowing it on us, you had sacrificed the
 "wish you had so long, so fondly che-
 "rished,

"rished, would have considerably lessened
 "it." — "Nordenschild!" replied Arno,
 and a tear glistened in his eye as he spoke,
 "future Kings of Barenau will revere your
 "memory, for you have given us more to-
 "day than we could have acquired by
 "conquest for years." — "And your Ma-
 "jesty," replied Albert, embracing Risa,
 "has given me more than a kingdom."

THE END.

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